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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Royalty at Parliament House, Capetown

Other color pictures on page 11

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Warm and Wonderful **KAYSER**

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KAYSER LINGERIE — HOSIERY — GLOVES — FOR GOOD AND FITTING REASONS

NO WIND OF BLAME

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ERMYNTRUDE CARTER, wealthy and flamboyant ex-actress, is giving a house party at Greystones, her lovely English country home. Her own household consists of volatile VICKY FANSHAW, her daughter by a former marriage, morose WALLY CARTER, her husband; and quiet, dignified MARY CLIFFE. Guests are ALEXIS VARASASHVILI, exotic Russian prince; SIR WILLIAM and LADY DERING and their barrister son, HUGH; MR. and MRS. TOM BAWTRY; DR. MAURICE CHESTER; and ROBERT STEEL, a farmer in love with Ermyntude. Feeling rises high as a shooting party progresses. Ermyntude, already upset by Wally's friendliness with dissolute HAROLD WHITE, is appalled to discover a letter from PERCY BAKER, declaring that Wally has had an affair with his sister GLADYS and threatening court proceedings. Robert Steel violently resents Wally's treatment of Ermyntude, while a further upset occurs when a shot narrowly misses Wally. Now read on:

MARY was heartily glad when the luncheon-party broke up. Far more than anyone else, she was aware of the tension about them, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that she finally drove away in the car with Ermyntude.

She was surprised to find that Vicky had returned home before them, and was lying in a hammock in the shade of a tree on the south lawn. Ermyntude went straight up to her bedroom to rest before tea, and so did not encounter her daughter, but Mary saw her from the drawing-room window, and went out to ask what had brought her picnic with Alan White to such an early end.

Vicky, who apparently considered the weather hot enough to make the wearing of an exotic pink sunsuit desirable, sighed exhaustedly, lowering the magazine she was reading.

"Oh, darling, I found he was going to read to me, and it seemed to me as though there would probably be ants, or anyway thistles, because there always are when I lie on the ground. I do think all this healing-Mother-Earth racket."

is too utterly spurious, don't you? And it was definitely not one of my primeval days, so I said we'd go home."

Mary was amused. "Poor Alan! Was he fed up?"

"Yes, but I do feel that he ought to be rather crushed by adversity," said Vicky. She drew thoughtfully on her long pink cigarette holder. "I mean, major poets have to be, don't they? And it turned out that I'd done the proper thing, anyway, because you were quite right about that man."

"What man?"

"Oh, Percy! The one who wrote Wally the funny letter."

"What you found funny in it I fail to see. What are you talking about, anyway? How was I right?"

"About his calling her, darling, of course. I mean, he did."

"Vicky! When?"

"Oh, about half an hour ago! Apparently he doesn't live at Pritton at all, but at Burnside, and so poor darling Ermyntude was a frightful blow to him."

"Do you mean to say he didn't know Uncle was married?"

"No, because Gladys didn't tell him that. He said it wasn't a thing he could mention to me, which I must say I thought was rather dear and old-fashioned of him, and made me wish I'd gone all Early Victorian instead of River Girl."

"Look here, Vicky, did you actually take it on yourself to interview this young man?"

"Yes, of course, and I do think I may have done a lot of good, because I told him that Wally isn't rich at all."

"Vicky, I wish you'd pull yourself together, and talk sense! It all sounds too garish to be believed so far. Of course, you oughtn't to have seen him at all, and I'm glad he had enough decency not to discuss it with you. But what's he going to do? Did you gather that he meant to make

himself unpleasant?"

"Well, I wouldn't know," replied Vicky, considering this. "He said it was no good Wally's hiding himself, because he was going to see him sooner or later, but I shouldn't at all wonder if he cooled off. Because if Gladys really did tell him she thought Wally was a bachelor, he must see that she couldn't have thought anything of the kind on account of her being the ticket-office girl at the Regal Cinema, and having seen Ermyntude with Wally hundreds of times."

"The cashier at the Regal!" ejaculated Mary. "That nice girl with the freckles. Oh, I don't believe it!"

"Darling-sweet, you're thinking of the Odeon girl. Gladys is the thin one with red fingernails."

"For pity's sake!" Mary muttered. "And he's coming back."

"I should think he probably will. He said so, anyway. It does rather look as though Ermyntude will have to buy him off, which seems to me frightfully rotten for her, really, because though I quite like Percy, it's utterly common knowledge that Gladys is too phony for words."

"She won't do it," Mary said. "I know she won't do it. It's the wrong moment. Oh, what a week-end!"

Neither Vicky nor Mary mentioned the circumstance of Mr. Baker's visit to Ermyntude when she came downstairs to tea; and the shooting party returned too late to allow either of them the opportunity of seeking any private conversation with Wally.

Please turn to page 4

"Did you actually take it on yourself to interview this young man?" Mary protested.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
May 3, 1947 - Page 3

LUCAS

Lingerie

Your favourite
Lucas Undies
featuring the
Elastic waistband
are proudly sold
by better stores
everywhere . . .
Scarce still perhaps
but they are well
worth looking for.



Elastic
*Permanent
WAISTBAND

GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 3

THE dinner guests began to assemble at a quarter to eight, the Bawtrys being the first people to arrive, and the Prince coming downstairs a few minutes later.

Ermytrude, who had been persuaded by Mary's tactful flattery to wear black, was looking a good deal less startling than usual, though rather overloaded with jewellery.

She knew, for she had been told, that it was not considered good form to wear rings upon her first and second fingers, but whenever she opened her jewel-box and saw the row of fat, sparkling gems she could not resist the temptation to push as many of the rings over her dimpled knuckles as was possible.

"After all," she said reasonably, "if I don't wear them, who's to know I've got them?"

So diamonds, emeralds, and rubies jostled one another on her fingers; four or five expensive bangles clinked on each of her wrists; and a superb double row of pearls knocked against diamond clips and a huge brooch, rather like a breastplate, on her bosom. A strong aroma of scent enveloped her like an ambrosial cloud.

These somewhat repelling features, however, were in a great measure counteracted by the honesty of her smile and the real kindness that obviously underlay her extravagances.

She stood in awe of Mrs. Bawtry, and was very ready to let Mary bear the burden of conversation with that brisk, bright-eyed little matron. On the other hand, Tom Bawtry, a big bluff man of no great brain but immense good nature, was a creature quite after her own heart. He laughed readily and had often in the past annoyed his wife by describing Ermytrude as a fine figure of a woman.

Being a hunting-man, his strictures on any irregularities of dress in the field were sweeping and severe, but as Ermytrude had never been on a horse in her life and Tom was quite uncritical of female garb out of the saddle, he saw nothing very much amiss either with her décolletage or her jewellery, and was a good deal flattered by the deferential way in which she listened to anything he had to say.

"My dear, what the world wants at this moment is real fellowship," Connie Bawtry informed Mary energetically, as the Prince came into the room.

Happily for Mary, Ermytrude saved her from having to answer by introducing the Prince. Connie was not the least interested in princes, whatever their nationality, but she saw in every new acquaintance a potential convert and at once abandoned Mary for this fresh victim.

She was still telling him how Europe's troubles could be solved when the Derings were announced.

Lady Dering shook hands with her hostess in the friendly fashion that always soothed Ermytrude's unhappy sense of inferiority and passed on to Wally, who was still brooding over the morning's mishap. As she had heard all about it from Hugh, she at once congratulated him on his escape from death and listened with assuaging sympathy to his own rambling account of the affair.

Sir William, who wore the parboiled look of a man dragged out to dinner against his will, frightened Ermytrude with the punctiliousness of his manners; and Hugh gravitated to where Mary was standing, and at once demanded to be told why the notorious Miss Fanshawe was not present.

"She's going to make an entrance," replied Mary gloomily. "I had one or two things to see to after I'd changed, so I hadn't time to find out what her role is for to-night."

She found out very soon, however. Vicky, entering the room five minutes later, was dressed in a wispy frock of startling design, and still more startling abbreviations. She displayed, without reserve, a remarkably pretty back, her frock being suspended round her neck by a plait of the material of which it was

made. Her hair stood out in a bunch of curls at the nape of her neck, but was swept severely off her brow and temples.

A diamond bracelet, begged from Ermytrude's collection, encircled one ankle under a filmy stocking, and her naturally long lashes were ruthlessly tinged with blue.

"One of the Younger Set," said Mary knowledgeably.

"So sorry if I've kept anybody waiting!" said Vicky. "Oh, how do you do, Lady Dering? How do you do, everybody? Oh, is that sherry? How filthy! No, I'll have a White Lady, thank you."

"Good lord!" murmured Hugh, taken aback.

Sir William was also startled, but when Vicky smiled at him, rather in the manner of an engaging street-urchin, his countenance relaxed slightly, and he asked her what she was going to do with herself now that she had come home to live.

"Well, it all depends," she replied seriously.

Sir William had no daughters, but only his memories of his sisters to guide him, so he said that he had no doubt she was a great help to her mother, arranging flowers and that kind of thing.

"Oh no, only if it's that sort of a day!" said Vicky.

Sir William was still turning this remark over in his mind when the butler came in to announce that dinner was served. He found it so incomprehensible that presently, when he had taken a seat at Ermytrude's right hand in the dining-room and found that Vicky had been placed on his other side, he inquired what she had meant by it.

"Well," said Vicky, confidently, "I don't always feel Edwardian. In fact, practically never."

"Indeed! May I ask if helping one's mother is now thought to be an Edwardian habit?"

"Oh yes, definitely!" Vicky assured him.

"I am afraid I am sadly behind the times. Perhaps you are one of these young women who follow careers of their own?"

"It's so difficult to make up one's mind," said Vicky. "Sometimes I think I should like to go on the stage, and then I think perhaps not, on account of boarding-houses, and travelling about in trains, which makes me sick. And I do rather feel it might be awfully exhausting, living for one's art. It's a bit like having a Mission in Life, which sounds grand, but really isn't much fun, as far as I can make out."

"All striving after art and personal careers must go to the wall," announced Mrs. Bawtry, who happened to have been silent long enough to have overheard some part of this interchange. "The only things that count are absolute truth and absolute love."

"Dear Connie, not absolute truth, surely?" demurred Lady Dering. "It wouldn't be at all comfortable, besides often becoming quite impossible."

"I saw a play once about speaking nothing but the truth," remarked Wally. "I remember I laughed a lot. It was very well done. Very funny indeed."

Hugh, who was seated between Connie Bawtry and Vicky, rather sacrificially drew Connie's fire. "I went to one of your meetings once," he said.

"You did? I'm so glad!" Connie said enthusiastically. "Now tell me, what did you think of it?"

"Well," said Hugh, "I was rather disappointed."

"Disappointed!"

"Yes," he said, helping himself from the dish that was being offered to him. "There seemed to me to be a depressing lack of inspiration about the whole proceeding. A lot of people got up one by one to address the meeting, but, without wanting to be offensive, Connie, I honestly couldn't see that they had any kind of message for us. What some of the members seemed to me to be suffering from was a spiritual conceit in an aggravated form."

Please turn to page 15



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EGYPT
LAND OF ENCHANTING CONTRASTS



THREE CIGARETTES

By ISABELLA HOLT

KATHY came up the basement stairs from the billiard-room, the three cigarettes cowed in her small hand, and paused to reconnoitre. Granny, as she well knew, thoroughly disapproved of women smoking. Still, Mummy had been crying, and Kathy knew, also, that cigarettes were a help.

Ordinarily, on these secret excursions, she used the back stairs; but she could hear Eugenia still washing up in the pantry. It would have to be the front stairs and a quick break past Granny's door.

It was a strangely unbalanced house, this, with the vitality centred on the second floor, in Granny's room, her mother's, and her own.

Even the dining-room was deserted most of the time. Breakfast came up on trays, because Granny had arthritis and Mummy liked to sleep late. Mummy was often out for meals, and Kathy had early supper upstairs; although at home she had had dinner with Daddy and Mummy every night for years.

Kathy didn't blame Mummy for dining out as often as she was asked. Dinner at Granny's was lordly but tiresome, starting with a most laborious performance of bringing Granny downstairs. Mummy was always ready to scream by the time she got back upstairs.

Mummy was not happy here. She was not the true-born daughter of the house as Kathy was the granddaughter.

Treading like a dog on delicate pads, Kathy made for the front stairs, which soared upward into the dimness from a newel post on which stood a bronze lady. The hall was vast and pleasantly morbid. The Chinese gong murmured as her skirt brushed its frame.

Over the fireplace hung Daddy's portrait. Even now, in the darkness, he was not off guard; his eyes met hers. He, somehow, was the magnet that had drawn Granny and Mummy and herself together in this cave of magnificent gloom, and then gone off to the war, leaving them helpless to break apart.

The house was full of pictures of Daddy. Mummy had a huge one framed in silver; it had been reproduced in the papers when he was wounded. Granny's walls were hung with photographs she said were of Daddy. Kathy, herself, had snapshots of him. But the portrait was the only real one.

She was at the head of the stairs now. Light, and a murmur of voices, streamed from Granny's door; Delia was chatting while she waited for madam's tray. Mummy's door was

just beyond. Kathy inched herself to the limit of darkness, and launched herself in skimming flight across the danger zone.

"Easy, then!" cried Delia. She was in the act of carrying out the tray, and Kathy had rammed into her.

"Gee whillikins!" said Kathy, resuming speed.

"Kathy, come in here a moment." Granny's voice brooked no opposition. Reluctantly, Kathy turned back.

"Tell Delia you're sorry, dear."

"I'm fearfully sorry, Delia," Kathy muttered, casting about for an exit.

"You mustn't be heedless, Kathy. This house is full of things that might be broken by a little girl running sixty miles an hour."

"I know, Granny. I'll be more careful."

"Delia, bring back the tray a second. Look, dear, at this coffee cup you might have broken. It's like an eggshell. It was one of my wedding presents." Granny took it in precise, arthritic fingers.

"M-hm," said Kathy, burningly conscious of the cigarettes in her hand. "It's just beautiful."

"Take it yourself, dear, very carefully. It's nice for a little girl to know the feel of good china."

Kathy advanced her left hand.

"Both hands, dear," Granny persisted.

There were not fingers enough for the cup and the cigarettes. The cup slipped and bounded harmlessly away over the carpet. Kathy made a snatch at it, and the three cigarettes fell at her feet.

A horrible silence followed as Kathy, on her knees, fumbled for the cigarettes, then let them fall again. The inexcusable had happened; Mummy would get caught.

Granny's eyes were searching her, as the eyes in the portrait did. They were, in fact, Daddy's eyes, light grey with black lashes.

When it grew evident that Kathy had no intention of speaking, Granny said, "Delia, will you ask Mrs. Arch to step in here a minute?"

Kathy still felt quite incapable of rising. She remained kneeling on the floor, eyes downcast.

In a few moments Mummy appeared in the doorway. Her throat showed white in the long cleft of a cherry-colored negligee, and the rouge glowed bravely on her cheeks. Would Kathy be able to break the bravado of that entrance?

At last Kathy managed to look up at Granny. "I dropped them by mistake," she said in a tone of utter dismay.

Granny was unpredictable. She gave an august chuckle, and said, "You're a year late, young lady. Arch was only eight when his father marched him into the room with a lighted cigar in his hand."

"Darling!" cried Mummy, with extreme vivacity. "You haven't taken up smoking!"

Perhaps the whole thing was a joke in the adult stratosphere. Kathy achieved a malformed grimace, managing at last to rise to her feet.

"But it's not funny, darling," Mummy went on. "Granny and I," she said with meaning, "don't smoke."

So that was it! Granny thought Kathy had taken the cigarettes for herself, and it was a joke, now, between herself and Mummy. They would tease Granny a little before they explained.

"Where on earth did you get the cigarettes?" Granny asked.

"In the billiard-room."

"We keep some there, madam," Delia interposed, "in case of gentlemen after dinner."

"I'm sure Kathy won't do it again," Mummy said, with a sheltering, Madonna-like gesture. "Now, come along, darling."

"Just a minute," said Granny.

"Don't you think, Doris, the lesson should be impressed upon her? When Arch took up smoking, we made him finish the cigar in my room, while his father and I looked on. The penalty," she commented grimly, "was most effective."

Kathy turned an eye of wild appeal upon her mother. Cigarettes made her desperately sick; Mummy had let her try a puff. She knew.

But Mummy said, "Well, just a whiff, then. I don't imagine it will kill her."

Kathy still did not understand, but her confidence was unshaken. Mummy had something special in mind. Mummy would save her in time.

She picked up a cigarette from the carpet and put it awkwardly in her mouth.

Please turn to
page 32



"I dropped them by mistake," Kathy said, looking up in dismay at her grandmother.

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HIGH GRADE

By . . .
RUTH LAMSON

DAN ELLIS' uniform had been stowed for six months and his first picture since his triumphant return to Hollywood was in the bag. He had reached the point where he could afford to pay a business manager, named Zack, to take away his money and hide it.

Now he wanted some of it back. Zack, in answer to an urgent telephone call, was waiting in Dan's tiny living-room. He reflected that his favorite client wasn't yodelling in the shower the way a young man so generously endowed should yodel on a fine spring morning. Obviously, something was wrong.

Dan charged out in his shorts, towel round neck, and paced up and down like an under-privileged tiger.

"Sure, I know I hired a business manager," he sounded off, anorthing, "but certain business I prefer to manage in person. Such as, for instance, selecting where I live. This place"—his expressive glance found it unappealing—"looks like what we used to keep potatoes in, at home. Apartments are scarce, I know, but

"Economy, my boy," soothed Zack. "With care, you'll be sitting pretty at fifty."

"But how do I sit now?" Dan glowered. "I like a good chair in front of my own fireplace, and I don't mean a mousehole like that thing, either." He launched a kick at it.

Zack sat upright with grave concern. "You ain't doing anything disastrous, like getting married?"

"On my allowance? Ha!" Dan said. "I had to skip a date last week to buy a pair of shoelaces. Love is expensive . . . or don't you remember?"

Zack regarded him ironically. "Love is very popular this year," he mused. "Who is it?"

"Don't be a dope," Dan laughed scornfully. "I have some very old-fashioned ideas about marriage. The phonies you meet in Hollywood . . . uh-uh."

"Something high-grade you want"—Zack wagged his head sagely—"that don't run after you." With that fireplace palaver, the boy was as good as gone. Papa Zack must take charge.

"I know a little girl!"—Zack's eyes misted with tenderness—"you would go for. Very high-grade." He watched Dan hopefully. "But that's out, I fear. She's a dramatic student at Minta Harrington's, and Minta watches her like a hawk."

"Zack, I don't want to meet any more eager-beaver actresses, prattling shop and throwing their eyes at me. Why does every woman I meet want to act? I like a girl who has fun with me, not being seen with me, like these pseudo romances the publicity department builds up." He frowned heavily.

"The studio can dictate what I play and say and wear; you can take care of my dough . . . and how. But I am unreasonable enough to want to choose my own girl. And that's flat!"

"Temperament, my boy; temperament," Zack rationalised.

"Anything normal in this town is filed under T, for temperament," Dan said. "Well, let's get down to the business at hand. What I called you to come over here about—"

He backed away and took a run at it. "The studio has given me a breather—four weeks—and I want to go away, take a trip. It requires funds."

"Where?" Zack asked cautiously.

"Anywhere," Dan said. "where they don't know me. I have a right to be anonymous on a vacation."

The kid tickled Zack—first modest actor in his experience. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes—an ominous gesture indicating lightning calculation.



"You have to watch that chair," Lola said, springing anxiously to his aid.

Suddenly he leaned forward, eyes glittering with salesmanship. "I got it, my boy! I got exactly the place!"

"So?" Dan said. "Northern California. The old gold-mining country. Ghost towns—the ghosts won't recognise you and chase autographs. Maybe," he added brightly, "you could do a little prospecting on the side. Pick up a nugget. A little high-grading?"

"You're crazy," Dan laughed. "You think they leave nuggets around for strangers? And what is high-grading?"

"Prospecting don't always mean gold," Zack said mysteriously, "and neither does high-grading. Remember that. Now, how much?"

"I'll make it light and wire you when I run short. Six hundred." Zack came down off the ceiling and wrote the cheque like a man giving up his favorite eye.

"First I have to make the dough," Dan remarked, "then pry it loose from you. How come you gave up so easy, Papa Zack?"

Zack fought his bulk out of the chair. "I guess it's because you're nuts in a nice way," he said. "My other clients are just nuts."

"Thanks, chum." "Except Minta Harrington, and I'm due at her place on business concerning the future of a very beautiful girl." He paused, awaiting questions, but all Dan said was, "Don't let me stop you!"

A thing that pleased Dan Ellis inordinately was the self-induced conviction that he did not look like an actor. Actors looked like actors, he suspected, because they wanted to. Himself, well, he could be a football player—he had been—or a salesman, a rancher, a mechanic.

Actually, Dan looked like Dan—with a naive, baffled expression to discount his rather handsome features.

He packed by aiming things at a duffel bag, and drove out through the valley toward Sonora, to begin his trip up at the Mother Lode marker, as Zack had advised. There was a telegram waiting for him at the Sonora Inn:

"DON'T OVERLOOK TOWN CALLED HIGH GRADE. RECENTLY INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS. ZACK"

Good old Papa Zack, thought Dan, always on the job; always in ten words. What he meant, Dan had no idea. He would take that up when he came to it.

He could not find High Grade on the road map, but the desk clerk introduced a mining engineer who obliged with enough High Grade history to fill a book. The place once had the richest quartz vein in the State, producing exceptionally high-grade ore.

Now it was a real ghost town, but a few people, hardy die-hards, still lived there. Dan thanked him, and the man said, "Glad to be a help. Do you happen to know Zack Morling in Hollywood?"

"Er—uh," Dan gulped, "why, yes. I know him very well."

He slunk out and bought jeans, a plaid shirt and a blue denim cap—a costume enjoying local sartorial favor—and put them on, positive he now looked like everybody else. Two minutes later a delegation of bobby-soxers demanded his autograph.

He took a side trip, having a good time, but rather lonely. A feeling took hold and held on—a feeling that he was looking for something. Maybe it was part of the atmosphere, here

This High Grade road was something that shouldn't happen. Dan would have welcomed a few nice neat shell-holes by comparison.

"I have reached the ghost-town saturation point," he told the jack rabbits, "so why am I doing this? And as for you, Zack, I wish to warn you that High Grade had better be good. It had better be the pay-off. The ghosts had better walk."

Then a bronze marker told him that: "Twelve thousand persons once lived and thrived here." The population now totalled nine men, women, and no children, who willingly travelled twenty-seven miles over a disappearing road to get their groceries and mail. They must like their town, and in spite of everything Dan immediately saw why.

It was a place old and sweet and mellow, and the sight of it restored him. He looked benevolently round him. Post office, closed; grocery store, closed; two, three, four deserted houses. Must be somebody somewhere.

He came to a place smoothed and tended, flower beds neatly edged with stone ginger-beer bottles thrust neck down. Daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips rioted, whiffs of lilac weakened him.

A neat, cute little old lady was mowing the lawn. Dan paused, grasped a picket in the fence, and it came off in his hand.

"Don't you mind that!" the old lady called. "They always come off!" She pushed the mower briskly to the fence.

Dan said, "Couldn't I—uh—do that for you? I'm good at it."

"Of course you are. Why, of course you are," she praised him in a piston-voice, "but so am I." Her giddy bright eyes were charmed with this happy delivery of an audience at her gate. "Come in," she ordered; "come right on in. I'm Mrs. Jacoby. Everybody knows me."

"You're the very person I'm looking for. Your crochet thread, Mrs. Jacoby." Dan handed her the package with a flourish.

"Oh, pshaw," she said. "Well, I thank you, anyway, but who wants to be crocheting in the spring? That's some of Lola's doings." She came nearer and whispered, "She's so old-fashioned. And that monster she's engaged to—"

"Well—uh—" Dan's poise was somewhat undermined. One gener-

ally didn't get the family history so fast.

"You sit right there," Mrs. Jacoby said, "and I will tell you all about High Grade." She ran through the history of High Grade. "And now," Mrs. Jacoby arrived at the climax, "let me tell you something amazing. Young man, do you know how old I am?"

Without waiting for his answer, she went on: "I am eighty-one years old. Isn't that amazing? And let me tell you something else. If you want a dipper of the very best spring water in the county, you come right along with me and I'll see that you get it."

Bouncing ahead she led him up the steps, straight through the house to the buttery. On all sides were the sort of things they put in antique-shop windows to lure customers inside. Dan thought of at least three collector friends who would probably lose their minds before they ever reached the pump, which Mrs. Jacoby was working vigorously.

Water splashed into the tin sink and she filled a dipper.

"There," she challenged, "Did you ever drink better water?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Jacoby. You have a very good spring." It was certainly good water.

A voice beyond an unlatched door spoke gently: "Who's there, Grandma?"

The voice undid Dan completely. It was, in his considered opinion, one of the most magnetic he had ever heard.

"My granddaughter, Lola, Monte Jacoby," Mrs. Jacoby whispered.

"Who's there?" Lola asked again.

"Young man, stopped in for a drink of water. Who are you?" Mrs. Jacoby asked Dan.

"Why, I—er—uh—" "Where you from?" "Down South."

Mrs. Jacoby lifted her voice. "Ira Something," she said, "from Virginia. Now, Ira, you just follow me straight on in here. I want to play you a piece."

She grasped his arm and led him firmly into the stiff and polished parlor, pushed him on to a slick horsehair love seat, while she attacked the piano. It was a very good try, but Dan couldn't keep his mind on it. He kept hearing the voice. Many an actress worked years for a voice like that.

Please turn to page 34

And now....
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WELL and favourably known for very many years Lincoln all wool and wool and rayon underwear in Ribbed and Plain Knit is now UNSHRINKABLE and will remain so. Unfortunately production of these superfine garments is still insufficient to meet all demands, but Lincoln still ensures that as stocks become available they are distributed as widely as possible throughout Australia. So be early to secure your Lincoln Winter Underwear.



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IT was after Sally's boss had sent back the quarterly report for a second retyping that he suggested she should see a doctor.

"I've always considered you the perfect secretary, Miss Porter, and this just won't do," Mr. Blessing glanced at the bare third finger of her left hand, and averted his gaze, tactfully.

"Of course, I quite appreciate that the past few weeks have not been—er—easy for you. Why don't you take a week off from next Monday?"

Mr. Blessing smiled as Sally hesitated. "That's settled, then. A week of sea and sunshine is just what you need, m'dear—but don't forget to see the doctor, there's a good girl."

Sally, who was always a good girl, thanked him nicely. Mr. Blessing, who had a doting wife as well as Sally Porter to iron out life's creases for him, seemed blissfully unaware of the blood, tears, and sweat that accompanied the arranging of a holiday by the sea in a country where millions of other people all had the same idea. Sally decided to stay in London.

On Monday morning it seemed. Sally stayed in bed until eleven and then, a watery sun having appeared, wandered to the park. She sat in a deck-chair, opened a book, and tried very hard to believe it was doing her good.

By Thursday she had reached suicidal pitch. She had seen two films, a revue, a leathercraft exhibition, and her Aunt Matilda in Putney—none of which had exactly filled her with delight. Mooching around on one's own, as Sally knew only too well, is a dreary business.

To make matters worse, her best friends were both away—Cora Standish in the country with her twins, Jill MacNaze up north for her newspaper on some assignment.

The trouble really began when Sally was jilted. For four years she had worn a small diamond half-hoop on her engagement finger. For four years she had written twice a week, doggedly, to the bestower of the ring—one Peter Tronkin, of the regular Army, stationed in Malta.

Then, just on three months ago, Peter had written to say that he was a cad and he knew it, but the fact of the matter was that he had fallen hook, line, and sinker for one of the captain's daughters, Serena Hellersley, and, well, he'd married her.

In the first shock of surprise Sally showed the letter to Cora and Jill, then went home to cry her heart out. Within twenty minutes of lying on her bed with smelling-salts and a supply of hankies, she discovered she had no desire to cry at all. Her strongest emotion was one of vast relief. For then she admitted that in the four years she had grown steadily out of love with Peter...

Sally arose next morning with a heart as gay as a puppy's—to find herself the central character in a tragedy. She should never, she realised with speed, have shown Peter's letter to the girls.

They flatly refused to believe Sally's statement that all was for the best.

"Nonsense!" Jill said, patting her shoulder soothingly. "Of course, it's splendid of you to be so terribly, terribly gallant about it—but we know, don't we, Cora?"

Cora agreed, patting Sally's other shoulder, that of course they knew. So, in no time at all, did a great many other people. The sad tale that poor, darling Sally had been jilted spread like a forest fire.

Jill and Cora sprang into action with devastating loyalty. Everyone must rally round Sally and help her to get over it. They must find her another man—a decent one, this time—and, of course, not a moment must be lost, in case permanent embitterment set in.

But from the vision of a discarded female, trailing grey draperies and accompanied by the ghost of her lost love, young men fled as from the plague. At the end of six weeks Sally was, to all intents and purposes, advancing rapidly into a desolate spinsterhood. No wonder her typing became jumpy, her nerves taut.

Sally pulled open her dressing-table drawer on the Thursday night of her holiday, and fumbled in the



"But—but you can't be my husband," Sally faltered.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HUSBAND

litter of cosmetics, letters, and jewellery for a shampoo. Her hand fell on something small and hard, and she drew it out, wondering. It was a paste eternity-ring, bought ages ago for her part in an amateur play. Further search produced its partner, a large, square sapphire, most convincing in its artificial brilliancy.

For a long time Sally stared at these two rings. Then, softly, she began to laugh. For here was the solution—the only possible means by which Peter's ghost could be put, firmly and finally, to rest...

Over the lunch table on Monday,

two pairs of astonished eyes stared at Sally.

"But I just can't believe it!" Jill was inclined to be offended. "And without one word to your very best friends—"

Sally smiled complacently. "I'm sorry, darlings, but you were both away, and it all happened in such a rush—"

"A rush!" Cora raised expressive eyebrows. "Sounds to me like a positive gallop! Meeting a man—and marrying him—all in two weeks—"

"Love," Sally murmured dreamily, "is like that."

Cora pressed her hand warmly. "It's such a relief, isn't it, Jill? Tell me again," she added severely, "every single detail—otherwise I shall never forgive you for not writing me at once."

Sally obliged. She had lain awake most of the Thursday night getting her story under proper control. It went with a most convincing swing. Two weeks ago (and two days after Jill and Cora left town) she had gone down to Chatham with her boss for a conference. She had met her destiny at a naval dance.

"We took one look at each other," Sally declared firmly, "and we knew."

By ...
KATHERINE MERSON

By an incredible stroke of fortune her destiny was due for ten days' leave and followed her to town, where he proceeded to rush her off her feet and into a register office. No, sorry, she hadn't got even a snap of him.

What? Oh, yes, Sally had been married in the suit she was wearing now—nice, wasn't it—the eggshell-blue linen with the petunia chiffon blouse. She had also bought a complete set of underwear in peach satin and a flowered silk party-dress. (Friday had been spent, after a visit to the bank, in an orgy of shopping. After all, if the job's worth doing...)

"So that," Sally ended, waving her hand and admiring the brilliance of her sapphire, "is how it happened."

"And in the regular Navy—you're quite a girl for the Services, aren't you?" This came from Jill.

"Nicholas Aramis," Cora mused. "It's a queer, unusual name. A strange name. Almost period—"

It definitely was, extracted by Sally with justifiable pride from "Nicholas Nickleby" and "The Three Musketeers." Sally thought she had been very smart to give her hero such a name.

"How," Cora demanded with her passion for detail, "did they take it at the office? Weren't they surprised?"

"Oh," Sally smiled, "they were staggered."

Her version of her marriage, as related at the office, had slight variations from the one played to Cora and Jill—but not differing sufficiently to arouse suspicion if Cora should drop in for one of her chats. For Sally had gone to Chatham to a conference, though it was five weeks ago, not two. Mr. Blessing and all his underlings believed that Sally's sudden marriage during her holiday was the outcome of a long correspondence with the naval gentleman.

"And that is why," she explained naively to Mr. Blessing, "I've been so—up and down—these past few weeks and why my work hasn't been all it should be. I was—considering. I wanted to be quite sure—after my other experience, you know."

"What," Jill wanted to know, "are they giving you for a wedding present?"

Sally was glad Jill mentioned this. She had no qualms over the scattering of a few off-white lies here and there, but accepting valuable gifts under false pretences was quite another matter.

"Well, I've asked them not to make any presentation until Nicholas and I can settle down in our own home. Until then I shan't really know what I need. And if you and Cora are toying with the idea of a biscuit-barrel—well, I'd rather you didn't, thanks all the same."

"Very sensible," Cora agreed. "I'm and I got masses of useless things. We'll wait until you see something you really need, darling."

Sally paid the lunch bill and sailed out of the restaurant in an almost visible aura of bridal radiance. So far, so good. As for the future—well, when the right man came along—and this time, Sally vowed, he would be the right man—she would tell everybody the truth about Nicholas Aramis.

Cora and Jill, bless their meddling hearts, if given a suitable margin of time for righteous indignation, would finally laugh the whole thing off as a huge joke. Mr. Blessing, of course, might take a different view. But that, Sally told herself airily, could wait.

The office at the moment, however, was a very pleasant place in which to be. Sally enjoyed the limelight of a film star. Everybody, on the merest pretext, popped into her little room to admire Sally's rings, Sally's suit, Sally's bridal smile.

"Like May sunshine after April showers," Mr. Blessing mumbled poetically, looking as though he'd arranged Sally's marriage single-handed.

Please turn to page 37



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Winter is warmly welcomed by those who drink MILO regularly. Winter for them is a time of invigorating days and cosy, restful nights. Here's the reason. MILO is a delicious, energising blend of pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with vitamins A, B and D. MILO, therefore, not only warms and sustains, but helps to build up resistance to winter ills. It is a health drink, a tonic food as well as a nerve-soothing beverage, with a delightful chocolate flavour.

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ROYAL TOUR...



● HIS MAJESTY the King with Princess Margaret when they arrived by air at the Game Reserve, Orange Free State.



● PRINCESS ELIZABETH during a visit to a large college for natives at Lovedale, in the Cape Province. She wears a flower hat with her multi-colored frock.



● NATIVES of the Xosa tribe photographed during the Royal tour at New Brighton, Port Elizabeth. At right are the Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, Lieut.-Col. H. D. Forsyth, the High Commissioner, Sir Evelyn Baring, the Paramount Chieftainess of Basutoland, and a native official. Basutoland is a British protectorate.

★ These special color shots show incidents in the Royal visit to South Africa. Our cover is a photograph of the arrival of Their Majesties for the opening of Parliament at Capetown. After a two months' triumphant tour of the country, the Royal Family are now on the way back to England.



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AHEAD FOR FIGURES

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Lady Ruth PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS

PARIS FASHIONS swing to left . . .



● Diaphanous misty grey wool was the material selected for this Jacques Fath frock with a tight-fitting corsage and a pleated skirt diagonally draped at the left hip to meet the plain, horizontally gathered nunic.



● Sculptured line for the Jean Dessès afternoon frock above, made of ivory crepe with a draped skirt. Covered buttons are the only trimmings used. Streamlined shoes and gloves of black suede.

● New hip drape. Diagonal draping is emphasised by a huge bow of navy-and-white material in a Jacques Fath navy wool frock.

drapes, swirls, and harem hems

★ These pictures from The Australian Women's Weekly Paris office indicate the great importance of diagonal draping in the latest Paris fashions for day and evening wear.

The further development of the uneven hemline is another interesting trend.



● "Long Short" is the new hemline for dance frocks in Paris. Lucien Lelong has used layers of cloudy-pink tulle in this model.



● Femme Fatale dinner dress designed by Maggy Rouff has a sweater top of jet-encrusted silk and draped skirt of black wool. It is made in two pieces.



● Autumn colors for this evening gown of mustard-yellow crepe, the draped skirt showing the uneven hemline, the wood-brown bodice folded well off the shoulder.—Jean Desses.

● Picture gown of stiff violet faille, by Jean Desses (left). The front drape is lined with violet velvet, disclosing a fold of lilac faille held by one huge pink rose.



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WHY BE FOOT WEARY?



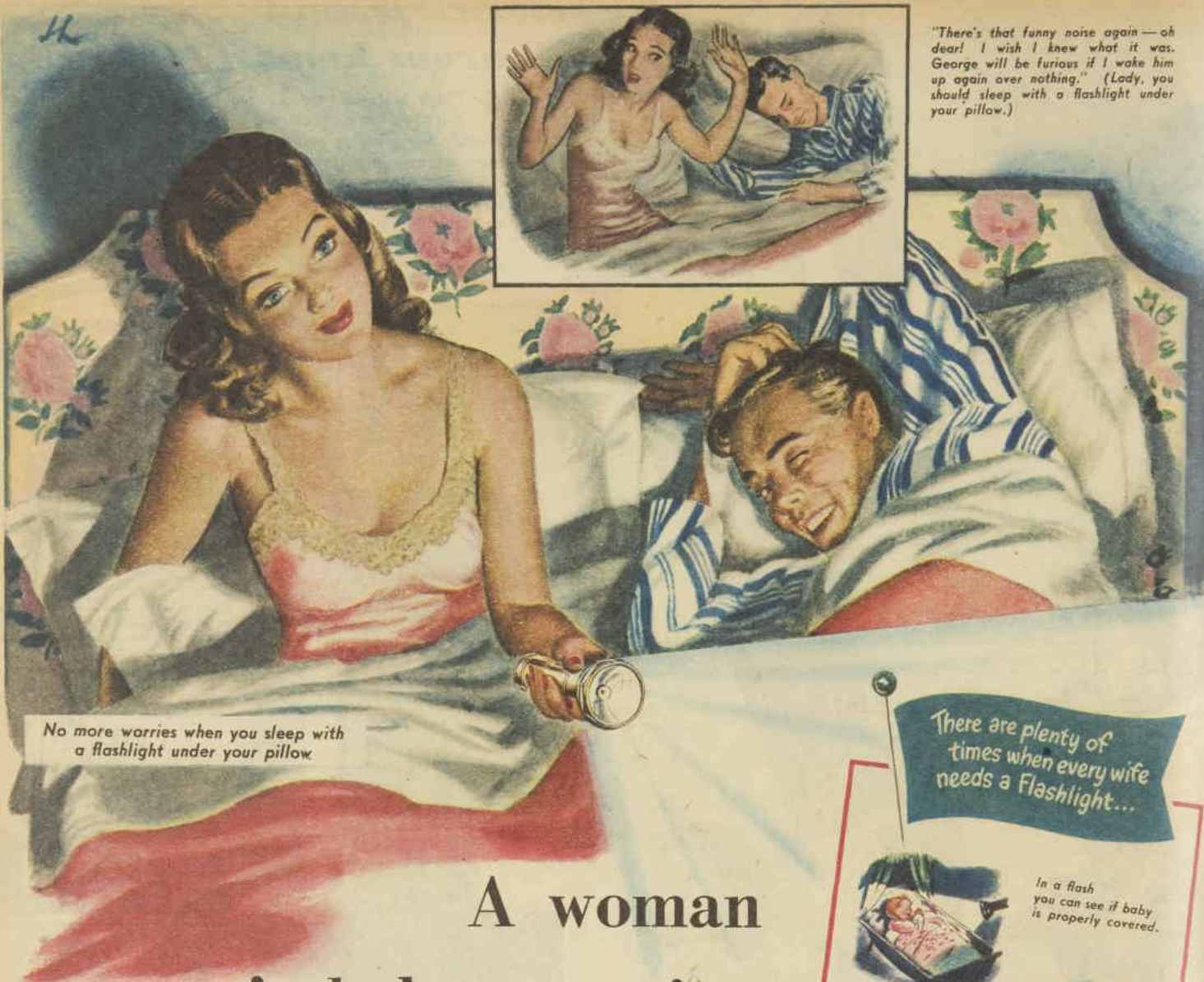
When there's Zam-Buk to Soothe and Heal

"Oh, my poor feet!" Every day in their homes or at work, many women suffer the agonies of tired, throbbing and aching feet. First on one foot, then on the other, they would give anything to get relief. The proved way to enjoy fast comfort is to bathe the feet in warm water, dry, and rub in Zam-Buk nightly.

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Zam-Buk



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Don't let him go near that fuse-box without a flashlight. Make sure it works, with Eveready dated batteries.

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It's part of a woman's natural protective instinct to worry over noises in the night. It is as natural for her to think of protecting her family in this way as it is to work for them, feed them and see that they are properly clothed.

But there's no need to worry over noises in the night. Always sleep with a flashlight under your pillow. Then, in a flash, and without leaving your bed, you can throw a light onto the spot where the noise is coming from.

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POTTER'S
DANDRUFF SOAP

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 4

THIS speech naturally made Connie feel extremely angry, and she had to pin the regulation smile rather firmly to her face. "You are utterly wrong!" she said. "What's more, if you think you're annoying me, I assure you you're not! If ever you learn the three lessons of Absolute Truth, Absolute Honesty, and Absolute Love, you'll know how impossible it is for me to be annoyed by mere uninformed criticism."

"That seems to dispose of me," said Hugh, with a disarming grin.

The Prince, who considered Connie Bawtry had held the stage for long enough, said that for himself he preferred ethics to religious creeds. No one showed the smallest desire to argue this point, and Tom Bawtry, seizing the opportunity thus afforded of starting a less embarrassing topic, leaned over Mary to ask the Prince whether he had suffered at all back in his own country. The Prince smiled somewhat cynically and replied: "Merely, I lost my all."

Any sympathy that might have been expressed was nipped in the bud by Mrs. Bawtry, who said that worldly possessions were only dross, and that she knew many people who had given up their all to the Group Movement.

Naturally, the Prince was not going to stand this kind of thing, and he said, with just as firm a smile as hers, that making voluntary sacrifices was very different from being stripped bare of your every possession, and cast into prison into the bargain.

This was quite unanswerable, and had the effect of making the Prince at once the centre of attraction. Ermytrude begged him, in a proprietary tone, to tell the rest of her guests about his dreadful experiences, and he at once began to go on, in a whimsical way which even Connie Bawtry thought very touching, and which made every man present feel rather sick.

Hugh, who had the advantage of being acquainted with several distinguished Russians, had written the Prince down as spurious within twenty minutes of first setting eyes on him and could not now resist the temptation of asking him one or two rather awkward questions. The Prince, however, proved to be most adroit in sliding out of uncomfortable corners and had no difficulty in holding the interest of the female half of his audience.

Tom Bawtry, too, who never expected any foreigner to be anything but grotesque, was considerably impressed, and exclaimed at intervals: "By Jove!" and: "Terrible!"

The thought of the Prince's immeasurable losses had always the power to bring a tear to Ermytrude's eyes, but Connie Bawtry's sympathy found a more practical expression. At the earliest possible opportunity, she told the Prince that if he would only learn the value of Absolute Truth and Absolute Love he would find that all his troubles would vanish as though by miracle.

For an almost imperceptible moment Hugh's eyes met Mary's across the table. Vicky's voice, holding an imperious note, recalled his attention. "Crack these for me, please."

He took the walnuts from her, and stretched out his hand for the nutcrackers. She said rather belligerently: "I suppose you don't believe in miracles?"

"Not that kind of miracle," Vicky put her elbows on the table,

and began to nibble the nut he gave her. "Lawyers never believe anything. You are a lawyer, aren't you?"

"Barrister."

"Oh, well, it's just the same. Fusty."

He glanced down at her. "Thanks a lot! Where did you learn your pretty manners?"

A sudden gurgle escaped her. "Absolute truth!"

He smiled, but said softly: "Careful! What makes you think barristers are fusty?"

"Oh, they all are!"

"Of course, you know so many." He saw her hunch one bare shoulder, and added: "Come off it, Vicky! You're forgetting that I knew you when you were a skinny brat with a band round your teeth. It won't wash."

"I must have been rather sweet," she said reflectively.

"You weren't. You were a little put."

"I think it's so remembering and marvellous of you to know what I was like," she said. "I thought you were most frightfully grown-up and dull. In fact, I was rather hazy about you till I saw you to-night, and then, of course, it all came back to me. You haven't altered a bit."

"You know, you have a real talent for small-talk," said Hugh. "Sorry I can't return the compliment!"

"Sorry?" repeated Vicky, raising a pair of startled eyes to his face. "But don't you think I'm much, much prettier now? Everyone else does!"

"You wouldn't be so bad if you hadn't plastered so much make-up on your face," he replied coolly.

"Ah, yes," she said, recovering her balance in a flash. "I thought you were rather the sort of man who'd prefer a violet by a mossy stone. Probably I shall be putting on that act one day."

He regarded her from under brows lifted in faint surprise. "Is your incredible life a series of 'acts'?" he inquired.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"I couldn't believe it. Don't you find it a pretty rotten way of living?"

"How silly! Of course not!" she said scornfully. "Life seems to me a most frightfully overrated business, and practically always dull, if you stay the same person every day. On the other hand, you can't be dull if you're always somebody else."

"Adventures in the spirit?"

Ermytrude had risen to her feet. Vicky got up, remarking in a more friendly tone: "I still think you're fusty, but not so fusty."

In the drawing-room, Mrs. Bawtry proceeded to explain the Group Movement to Mary. Lady Dering seized the opportunity to seat herself beside her hostess, and, presently, to broach the subject of the proposed new hospital.

Ermytrude had had two card-tables set out, and had spent the greater part of the afternoon trying to arrange two bridge fours.

As she had once, at a charity bridge afternoon, played with Connie Bawtry, who became very fierce over the game, and argued about the play of every hand, her task soon grew into an insoluble puzzle, for nothing, she had decided, would induce her to play at Connie's table, or with Sir William, of whom she stood in considerable awe.

Please turn to page 25

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Elizabeth Arden

ELIZABETH OF BRITAIN—An American view of Heiress Presumptive



NE evening last summer, Hedda Hopper, the eminent Hollywood historian, attending a swank party in London, cornered Noel Coward and asked him to give her some advice. She said she was attending a luncheon the following day, at which she would meet 20-year-old Princess Elizabeth, Heiress Presumptive to the Throne of England, and she wondered how one addressed Royalty.

"It's simple, Hedda," said Coward. "You merely curtsy and say, 'Ma'am!'"

"Ma'am? And why should I say, 'Ma'am?'" fared Hedda. "Liz is twenty and I'm an old lady. She should bow to me and call me ma'am!"

Noel Coward sighed and explained that while Hedda wouldn't be placed in public stocks if she neglected this courtesy to Royalty, the English would consider her extremely gauche.

Hedda relented, and devoted the entire evening, amid a circle of celebrated guests, to rehearsing her curtsy with Noel Coward. And the next noon, when she confronted the smiling Princess, she bowed and murmured "Ma'am" without expletives.

Miss Hopper's reaction, like that of most red-blooded Americans, who regard curtsying and "ma'aming" asissy stuff belonging to costume operettas, is typical of the general attitude of the outside world today toward the Purple. More and more, citizens of the younger democracies are looking upon 20th century Royalty as anachronisms of the Atom Age, fugitives from the dustier museums.

This, plainly, is what Princess Elizabeth, elder daughter of King George VI, most publicised female of her years on earth, is up against.

She is growing up to rule 558,000,000 subjects in a world that refuses to take her job seriously. Her only reassurance is the fact that her own people, and her own followers, still take her very seriously indeed.

For, to the English, Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor is more than just a healthy kid of 21. To them she is Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, who will, barring accidents and anarchy, one day be Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith and Empress (perhaps) of India.

For the English, who have dwelt so long in a grey world of boiled potatoes, Brussels sprouts, queuing up, and ration points, Princess Elizabeth is the one dash of color, the bit of glamor, the line luxury England feels it can afford.

And in a life of flux and uncertainty, the continuity of the Throne is the one thing to remind the English that this England, "this September day . . . this other Eden," is still anchored, unchanged, and that all is well in this best of all possible worlds.

For these reasons, even most members of the Left have affection for their monarchy. Once Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labor leader who thundered for a republic until he ascended to the friendship of King George V, ran into the Soviet ambassador at a glittering party in Buckingham Palace.

The Russian, with a nod at the scene, mused, "I wonder how long this will last." And Thomas snapped back, "A damned sight longer than your Five-Year Plan."

It is because they all feel this way that the English happily curtsy and say "ma'am" to Princess Elizabeth, and that outsiders don't like it they can lump it.

To-day, more than any other time in the last two hectic decades, and

THIS frank article is the first of a series of three written by Irving Wallace to present to Americans a comprehensive picture of Britain's future Queen, Princess Elizabeth, who came of age on April 21. The articles give an American view of the Princess and are of absorbing interest because they stress many phases in her life not usually touched upon by British writers.

in spite of the fact that they vote Labor, socialise, and tax the great mansions into ruin, the English are displaying a real interest in their Princess. At last she has become a topic as important and serious as cricket, bird-watching, and yesterday's "Letter to the Times." For now, suddenly, everything has happened to her at once.

This year, on April 21, in the remote city of Capetown, Union of South Africa, amid dowagers wearing 120-dollar hats and politicians wearing 200-dollar coats and striped trousers, Princess Elizabeth came of age.

Her 21st birthday, unlike her 17th, when she danced the rumba until three in the morning with British and American Army officers, and her 20th birthday, when she appeared with her parents before 30,000 persons, while two military bands played, was a more formal occasion.

This year Princess Elizabeth will begin a long period of foreign travel. For at 21 she becomes the Empire's emissary and inherits the task of spreading sweetness and light to the far-flung colonies and dominions.

And while she confessed to The Eisenhower, off the record, during his last visit to England, that she would prefer to travel across the United States before visiting other lands, she will certainly not be permitted to see America first.

Her next trip, undoubtedly, will be to Australia and then to Canada.

This year, most important to herself and her starry-eyed cult, she may become officially engaged and possibly married. While the outside world speculates, her intimates at



STIRRUP ADJUSTMENT for Princess Elizabeth before starting on a ride across the veldt during the Royal Family's South African tour.

Buckingham Palace admit that she is deeply in love with the part-Greek, part-German, British-bred Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, the former Prince Philip of Greece.

Despite the fact that her parents have tried to restrain her, she writes Philip three times a week when he is on duty, and has him to the Palace or Windsor Castle as a permanent guest when he is in town. Even her 16-year-old sister, Princess Margaret, implacably clever, lively, constantly teases Elizabeth about Philip.

"Margaret is always pulling her leg, making jokes about her and Philip," a Palace guest told me, "and Elizabeth doesn't seem to mind at all."



HEIRESS PRESUMPTIVE. A recent portrait of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth.

movie of Princess Elizabeth, depleting, through use of old newsreel shots and new staged shots, her life from the age of eight to 19.

The King consented to the title, "Heir to the Throne," and when the job was done the Queen censored the footage. The movie opened and closed with scenes of Elizabeth out walking with her dogs, showed her taking riding lessons, teaching her younger sister to knit.

Only twice was her actual voice heard, once giving droll orders to her Sea Rangers, and again answering the telephone on her 18th birthday.

For the newest scenes, taken in her private apartment in Windsor Castle, Elizabeth used eye-shadow and heavy powder, neither of which she ordinarily uses.

To-day, while this short is being shown throughout England and the Empire, other forms of propaganda revealing every innocuous fact about the Princess are being stepped up. The first of three book-length biographies of Elizabeth has appeared and sold out.

It is called "Queen of Tomorrow," a title to which 79-year-old Queen Mary objected on the grounds that there were already enough queens about without ringing in the Princess prematurely.

Mr. Louis Wulff, a correspondent accredited to the Royal Family for 20 years, is the author. Mr. Wulff's revelations, for the most part, are



FLOWERS FOR PRINCESSES. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret accept bouquets from South African girls during the Royal tour. With them is the Queen.

cautious and worshipful. For example, this description:

"Her eyes are blue, but what exact shade of blue is a matter of some question. Half-a-dozen people, after talking to her, will hazard half-a-dozen different opinions."

"Perhaps the most nearly accurate was the description given by a poetically minded Irishman who met her in Ulster. Her eyes are sea-blue," he said, and the Princess's large and lustrous eyes do change color as the sea does, sometimes seeming deep blue, now changing to lighter color."

"On occasion, too, her eyes take on a much colder color, the pale blue of ice, if, as does rarely happen, she finds it necessary to check presumption or intrusion."

Other English scribes have concerned themselves with other phases of the Princess's existence. Mrs. B. S. Shew, appointed by the Queen to help Elizabeth with her daily diary, authored a serial, "Britain's Future Queen," which has been running interminably in Lord Beaverbrook's "The Recorder."

Mrs. Shew, advertised as "the woman who sees her almost every day," dwells considerably on Princess Elizabeth's early life, describing her riding a pony, being kicked in the jaw by a horse, playing hide-and-seek with little sister in the shrubbery, dropping bulky toys down the banister and mauling distinguished guests.

"Such are our glimpses of them down the long avenue of the years," writes Mrs. Shew; "two little girls flushed and breathless with the joy of living."

The rest of the English Press, reinforced with hand-outs from the Palace, devotes columns to showing that the Princess is just folks. The correspondent of the "Daily Mail" solemnly reports, "The son of a friend of mine was one day found bumping Elizabeth's head on the nursery floor, and, while evading royal kicks, pulling out tufts of that curly hair."

Godfrey Winn, in the "Sunday Express," is anxious to reveal that the heiress is a human being. "Let me tell you a story of her first public duty," he writes, "when she inspected the battalion of Grenadier Guards whose colonel she had just become. She was then 16."

"As the car drove on its long way to Salisbury Plain, at every mile the Princess's nervousness increased. Her hands seemed suddenly enormous."

"In the end her disquiet was calmed much in the same way as so many of us are calmed in tense moments. She was given a bar of barley sugar to suck."

Of course, this was good, but it was not enough. They clamored for less anaemic information, for real inside stuff. They hungered for any trivialous titbit, and when they didn't get it, they simply invented it.

Continued on page 27.

TOURISTS ARE ON THE MOVE

ALL over the world tourists are beginning to look through travel pamphlets and pack their suitcases.

The first big batch of Australian tourists left for England last week.

Three American ships have been reconverted from troopships back to luxury liners at a cost of £2,600,000 to bring thousands of passengers here before the end of the year.

Already 40-passenger airliners cross the Pacific regularly.

Foreign countries are now publishing alluring advertisements in Australian papers to attract tourists.

Despite her manifold problems and shortages England is building up her tourist traffic.

This year she is banking on 150,000 tourists.

Protests that one tourist in a holiday resort deprives one Briton of his annual holiday have been answered with the statement that Britain needs her visitors' money.

Travel authorities estimate that £25,000,000 will be spent by tourists in Britain this year.

Suggestions that Australia should develop her tourist attractions, improve the standard of transport, accommodation, and service in hotels and eating places have been met with the answer that there are more urgent tasks to be done first.

But if England, with her house so disorganised and the larder alarmingly bare, can face up to visitors, why can't we?

We may not need the spending money of tourists so urgently now.

But we do need the future dividends that we could reap in trade, migrants, and publicity spontaneously given by tourists who feel they got their money's worth on their visit here.

The grading and registration of hotel and guest house accommodation announced last week is a step in the right direction.

Next step will be to ensure that more hotels qualify for top grading.



ANOTHER AVENUE for zeal of taxation officers, suggested by Sprod after hearing of their investigation of aborigines' earnings. Why not investigate children's money-boxes?

It seems to me...

IT will be pretty tough if the taxation department insists that Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal painter, pay tax on his earnings over the last five years.

That, according to reports, is the intention of the department, which is also investigating other aborigines whose earnings are more than £104 a year.

This country has never done anything much for its aborigines, and it would savor of brazen banditry to hound them for taxes.

In fact, as far as Namatjira is concerned, the debt is ours. His paintings have been splendid publicity abroad for Australia.

THE energy and enterprise of taxation officers is really remarkable. You would think the money went into their own pockets. Still, maddening though this zeal can be to the honest citizen, it's gratifying to know that the department catches up with a good many tax dodgers. For black-market kings, if undetected, are a financial burden on the country, which in the long run means that you and I, whose incomes are easily tabbed, pay the dodgers' share of taxes, too.

SYDNEY is often labelled the worst manured city in Australia, but chivalry survives in its rail and ferry season tickets.

Females, on the railways, for season tickets from one to 12 months (for a distance not exceeding 150 miles), pay two-thirds of the rate for men. N.S.W. is the only State in the Commonwealth where this lower rate applies on the railways.

Ferry season tickets are also cheaper for women, though the difference is smaller; but we pay equal rates on buses and trams as elsewhere.

This difference, where it applies, is a small concession to the fact that women are paid less than men. But there's not much chance, in these days of rising transport costs, of getting the privilege extended. Better to continue to press for equal pay for equal work.

Remember, by the way, how some country dances used to charge "Gents 2/-, Ladies 1/-"? They still keep the custom up in some places. I believe that at times the ladies even got in free.

Was recalling this to girl friend, who says it was probably based on a scarcity of women in the bush. She thinks the idea ought to be reversed in the cities now!

WHEN asked why, at 64, he financed and made his record round-world flight, Milton Reynolds, fountain pen millionaire, said: "I just wanted to make a record." He also admitted that he gave away 200 fountain pens.

You are old, Father Reynolds, reporters cried, So why should you rush round the world for a ride?

Pray, what is your motive? He might have replied:

Just think of the pen-friends I make on the side!

MOST entrancing news of the week comes from an American shiny-paper fashion magazine which says that the latest thing is to look like a lady—be quiet, graceful, and soft-spoken.

Well, whaddya know?



Dorothy Drain

IT'S something to know that a Ministerial sub-committee has been appointed to examine whether we can send more food to Britain.

There is a widespread public feeling that more could be done for Britain.

Statements about shortage of shipping haven't satisfied everybody, especially as they conflicted with reports that some ships were going away unfilled.

Then the Government's gagging of attempts to discuss the matter in the pre-Easter Federal session created a very unfavorable impression.

Mr. Chifley's first suggestion that people should not use all their food coupons was impractical.

It's not concrete enough to appeal to most people, who not unreasonably suspect that the fact that they don't use all their coupons only means more for the local black market.

Now the matter is to be considered fully. That at least suggests a recognition of public feeling.

Provided there's shipping space, the only way to send more food to Britain is to have less for ourselves by a reduction in the ration, and, in the case of meat, by making less available for hotels and restaurants.

Neither would hurt us.

IN PASSING: Window dressers usually take off their shoes when at work in display windows. It's fascinating. None of them ever has a hole in his sock. Do they get a special quota of socks, or do they keep a pair for the window, or are their wives wonderful?

AUTHORITIES in several States are trying to get nurses and teachers from overseas.

A project to bring several hundred nurses from Britain wasn't welcomed by British authorities.

When this column went to press there was a suggestion in New South Wales that German nurses may be sought.

Nurses and teachers are in such short supply all over Australia at present that some immediate solution is necessary.

But a long-range plan is needed to encourage young Australians to take up both professions. At present salaries and conditions aren't commensurate with the qualifications required.

The best teachers and nurses are born, and not made. But good money and conditions help to attract talent.

CIGARETTES are now twopence each in Britain following the big increase in tobacco tax in the new British Budget.

Where there's smoke there's fire.

Now will all the people who hate puns kindly stop sniffling and turn over the page, because here's another: Smoke gets in your excise.

(Gag applied.)

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S comment on Henry Wallace's criticisms of U.S. foreign policy was "There's always something to bother me."

And a good thing, too. When there are no critics left to bother the leader of a democracy it may be very peaceful for the leader, but it won't be a democracy any more.

Interesting People



BISHOP C. T. SONG

Chinese culture

BISHOP C. T. SONG, of the diocese of West China, who is lecturing to Australian University students on Chinese culture, agrees with higher education for women, but says "girls are missed from the home" if their careers take them away. "Give a man a bowl and some nice flowers and see what he does with them," adds the Bishop triumphantly. He wears a long Chinese coat, an Australian-type felt hat turned up slightly in front, and carries a fan.



MRS. CARDELL-OLIVER

political history

AUSTRALIA'S first woman Cabinet Minister, Mrs. Florence Cardell-Oliver, is Minister assisting with Education and Health in the newly elected Western Australian Government. The Australian widow of an English doctor, Mrs. Cardell-Oliver contested the Fremantle seat against the late John Curtin in 1934, losing by only 1000 votes. In 1936 she stood as a Nationalist for Subiaco and won the seat from Labor—by two votes. In the last election her majority was nearly 2000.



SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS

favorite hobby, work

SMILING, white-haired, blue-eyed Welshman Sir William Williams, Chief Ruler of the Rechabite Order, temperance friendly society, is making three months' tour of Commonwealth after attending centenary celebrations of Order in Melbourne. Known as "father" of Cardiff Council, was knighted in 1930 for direction of Miners' Relief Fund. Says his favorite hobby is work. Was Divisional Superintendent of Great Western Railways.



IN ASKING Jill to go out with him, Jack is enthusiastic — doesn't feign boredom which would irritate Jill.



POETIC ducktails along the collar are out, Jack. Better have that hair cut now.

★ Getting ready for your first dance is very exciting. Unfortunately, though, the evening doesn't always end on the same happy key. Jarring notes creep in which are sometimes the fault of the girl, sometimes that of the boy. Here, Jack and Jill illustrate how you can avoid some of these pitfalls and ensure the success of your evening right at the outset.



THOUGHTFUL Jack knows that a corsage is a gesture appreciated by all women.



HEY! Easy on that hair-oil, Jack. Jill's planning some perfume allure herself.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR FIRST DANCE



SORE FEET have spoilt many a dance, so Jill rejects her new shoes, plumps for old pair.



SOPHISTICATED hair-do's are not for you, Jill. Be your natural pretty self.



AFTER shower and simple face-freshener, Jill makes last-minute checkup. Mirror-peeking in public would embarrass Jack.



JILL opens door to Jack—doesn't leave him to make shy conversation with parents, but he should be introduced.



JILL says she'd love to go to the dance with him, but is not so eager that he would think no one else ever asks her out.



"They say she married him
because he told her about RINSO!"

All women fall for
**RINSO'S THICKER,
RICHER SUDS**
because they end all rubbing



I'M THRILLED BECAUSE
NO RUBBING MEANS
CLOTHES LAST FAR LONGER.
RINSO SAVES WORK AND
TIME IN EVERY WAY



Z. 230. 22.

[ADVERTISEMENT]



ANYBODY can rumba—you just stay in one place and leave your engine running. But this Samba! I was doing it in real earnest the other night, and six dancers got caught in the slip-stream.

On his way by train to Newcastle recently, Dick Fair was eyed by the man in the opposite seat. "You're the 'Australia's Amateur Hour' bloke, aren't you?" said the man. "How about an audition—now?"

Passengers crowded the carriage corridor when the aspirant started in. From there on it was a vaudeville show on wheels.

Help me, it's a wonder the Railway Dept. didn't put in a bill for Entertainment Tax.

Friends of mine have an ultra-modern home. You can't move for plastic. But the kiddies' playroom is the good, old-fashioned kind. You can't move for plasticine!

My sister (the one who tears off shirt-buttons in a laundry) has got to wear dark glasses because of glare. Seems the laundry switched to Rinso for washing whites!

Why is it that people who can least afford it are always giving a piece of their mind to somebody else?

Here's a good definition I read of the word CONSCIENCE.

"It's the still, small voice that makes us feel still smaller!"

Running late for a "Surprise Party" broadcast, Harry Dearth and a clarinet player climbed into a taxi, commanded the driver to HURRY to the address. "O.K., Doc," said the cabbie, looking at the clarinetist's little black case. They didn't disillusion him, and made the trip in record time. Incidentally, there's a bumper new "Surprise Party" aired every week. So if you want to really have a good time, tune in to this happy half-hour of hearty, hectic hilarity.

FASHION HINT:
A housewife without a dirndl is as smart as a cup without a handle.

My sister's crazy on child psychology. But what I say is, telling a youngster it's just as easy to hang up his clothes as to let them drop isn't expecting much of his logic.

My Aunt Clarrie says that when a woman says she always knows what her husband is thinking, you can be pretty sure she does all his thinking for him.

Strong chickadees, and a great big

Woof

He thought this was
the dullest town
in Australia until...



W.195. 22

Luck gave them chance to travel the world

Sailing waves instead of setting them is change for hairdressers

By BETH GALLAGHER

Two Australian women have returned home this week after fulfilling a long-cherished dream of travelling the world as ship stewardesses.

Their stories have striking parallels. Former hairdressers, they both served on Norwegian ships, both went to sea by a stroke of luck, and both are now happily positive that Australia is the best spot on earth to settle down in.

MRS. VERA SINCLAIR, of Toowoong, Brisbane, after her five years of wartime sailing, says she has made her last trip—intends opening a hairdressing business in Sydney.

Melbourne beautician Ellen Boyle, after arriving back from her first trip abroad, says she'd like to take in a few more trips, but "one day it will be Australia for keeps for me."

First woman to receive the Atlantic Star, Mrs. Sinclair also holds the 1939-43 Star and the Pacific Star for her wartime services.

During the "Don't Talk, the Enemy Listens" campaign in August, 1942, Mrs. Sinclair overheard in a Brisbane street a conversation about a certain ship in port needing a stewardess. The idea flashed through her mind that here perhaps was her long-awaited opportunity of world travel.

She was advised to see the consul of the country to which the ship belonged, and did so.

Within five days she was out at sea on a Norwegian freighter.

First trips were taking supplies to the troops in the Middle East.

Mrs. Sinclair had to look after the 12 passengers—high-ranking officers or prominent officials.

As Norwegian ships were the only ones to carry stewardesses during the war, Mrs. Sinclair said the pilots from the escorting aircraft-carriers always got to know her ship—the only one with a woman waving to them!

Each morning they would dip their wings low as they went out on patrol.

Subsequent trips took Mrs. Sinclair to England, America, Portuguese East Africa, India, South Africa, North Africa, and, after the war ended, Belgium, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Italy.

For seven months Mrs. Sinclair was on a ship taking supplies from America to England for D-Day.

These Atlantic crossings in 100 convoys remain her most vivid memories of her time at sea.

Cheerful and dynamic, Mrs. Sinclair breezily disregards the dangers she experienced during her wartime services.

Even bringing a full cargo of bombs to Australia she dismisses as just another trip.

Mrs. Sinclair has developed a ripe, salty philosophy of life at sea. She is convinced that anybody can real-



MRS. VERA SINCLAIR, former hairdresser, back home after five years' travel as ship stewardess.



MELBOURNE BEAUTICIAN Ellen Boyle returns from world-trip as Norwegian ship stewardess.

ise travel dreams provided he, or she, is prepared to work hard.

During the war Winston Churchill described the Norwegian merchant navy as being worth a million soldiers to the Allied cause.

Mrs. Sinclair wholeheartedly agrees.

She says the Norwegian sailors were a happy, friendly lot, who kept cheerful even when things got really tough.

For the homesick and lovesick boys, Mrs. Sinclair said she used to be a real "mother confessor."

When they were in port they took her to world-famous night-spots.

In Beira, Casablanca, Lourenco Marques, Lisbon, Genoa, Marseilles, she has seen the bizarre bars and

cabarets that most people believe exist only in Bogart films.

Throughout her travelling all these years, Mrs. Sinclair has been able to gather a wonderful collection of personal belongings and curios.

She has fine Italian costume jewellery, unusual handbags, cork shoes from Lisbon, American sports-wear, exquisite undies from the East, French perfume, nylon and lovely silk blouses from Belgium.

Every time she emerged suddenly at home out of the secrecy of wartime shipping movements, Mrs. Sinclair would play a real fairy god-mother to her family and friends with exciting presents.

Once, while sailing the Indian coast, she played the same role to

some A.I.F. boys, whom she met at Colombo on their way home from the Middle East. Waving her magic wand, she gave them Australian beer and chocolates from the ship.

On leaving Colombo, the A.I.F. boys ran up a special signal on their ship, thanking this first Australian woman they had seen in years for her marvellous hospitality.

"The nicest part of travelling the world," Mrs. Sinclair concludes, "is to come back to Australia, enter Sydney Harbor, and murmur, 'This is my own, my native land!'"

One day doing face massages in an exclusive Melbourne beauty salon and the next day scrubbing floors on a Norwegian freighter out at sea was the experience of Ellen Boyle.

Ellen's mother is a Norwegian. While sending a parcel home to Norway at a Norwegian shipping line office, she remembered Ellen's ambition to travel and impulsively decided to put her daughter's name down as a stewardess.

Six weeks later Ellen was phoned at the beauty salon by the shipping line, told there was a vacancy for a stewardess on a ship leaving at noon the next day for Norway.

Ellen was on it. Being a ship's stewardess, Ellen finds, is quite a contrast to earning her living as a hairdresser and beauty culturist.

Life is much more physically exhausting—running up and down companionways on the ship, cleaning cabins, and waiting on tables.

Wages are about the same. For ten hours' work a day Ellen is paid £28 10/- a month, but, of course, she does not have to pay board or buy lunches, which eat up the pay envelope of the working-girl ashore.

Tips from the passengers at the end of the trips also make a welcome addition to her salary.

Family atmosphere

AFTER being at sea, Ellen has decided that the travelling public are much the same on ship as on shore.

Passengers can be just as pleasant or as difficult as women waiting to be beautified!

There were only 12 passengers on the ship, so that the atmosphere was essentially a family one.

Off duty the stewardesses used to play cards or listen to the radio with the officers and crew.

Ellen cannot speak Norwegian, but most of the boys have a good command of English. With their friendly ways and sense of humor, Ellen finds the Norwegians very like Australian boys.

After a good holiday in Australia, Ellen may take another ship or return to Europe and resume beauty salon work.

Whatever happens, she is quite emphatic that at the end of her wanderings she will finally settle down happily at home in Australia.

Famous American baritone here soon

Radioed by VIOLA MacDONALD, our Hollywood correspondent

John Charles Thomas, famous American baritone, is looking forward eagerly to his Australian tour, which opens in Melbourne on May 17. Dressed in cowboy fashion, as he had just come from his ranch, Thomas received me for this interview in his Westwood Village studio.

HIS massive shoulders clad in a bright yellow shirt and red silk necktie with a horseshoe pin, Thomas beamed with enthusiasm from twinkling grey eyes as he told me: "I have made three previous attempts to tour Australia, but always something cropped up to prevent me."

"I guess Australia and New Zealand are the only major places in the world I haven't visited, but I will make up for lost time in May."

"I expect I will start with a concert at Melbourne Town Hall, featuring old Italian songs, then an aria from 'Masked Ball' by Verdi, followed by a group of French songs, finishing with English and Welsh numbers and a delightful song by Australian Percy Grainger called 'Shallow Brown'."

"Quite by accident I came across Grainger's song in the cellar of a music company in New York several years back when I was hunting for new material for a programme."

"I was delighted with this sea chanty, originally planned for a woman to sing to her lover as he left for sea."

"I turned it over to Marjorie Lawrence and she often sang it. I feel Australians will like this number."

Though he expects to be very busy singing, Thomas and his wife are determined to go fishing and yachting.

Thomas showed me his 17 silver cups which he has won for speedboat racing here and in Europe.

Till recently he owned a yacht, but sold it and bought a 55-acre ranch in Santa Monica Mountains, where he raises poultry and pheasants. He has his own private lake.

"My wife and I love the great outdoors," he said. "That's why we dress cowboy fashion. Do you think my

brilliant shirts will startle Australians?"

Mrs. Thomas came in wearing grey slacks with a grey jersey.

"I am most anxious to see Australian country life," she said.

"Cities don't mean much to us, but John has promised to take me fishing. We hope to go to Australia by freighter, as we love roughing it."

Nevertheless, when John Charles Thomas appears on the stage he is a dignified figure in evening clothes.

At matinees he wears striped trousers and morning coat.

After his Australian tour, Thomas will take his private railway car on a tour of 50 cities in the United States.

Asked about his accompanist, Roy Urseth, who is travelling with him, Thomas said: "I found him at Nelson Eddy's fireplace."

"We were at a party there one night and Nelson suggested I try him out. Roy has been with me two years now."

Thomas has received many Australian songs by mail from people who heard he was going to Australia.

The singer studies them all with interest, but confesses he has not learnt the words of "Walking Matilda" yet, but will learn them on the boat.

During the war he toured hospitals, and still does, singing, with a piano on wheels trundled from ward to ward.

Australians have a treat in store, as Thomas plans a variety of programmes featuring songs in English, German, French, classical and folk numbers.

He will introduce humorous negro gambling songs.

The singer, who likes to cook on his ranch, gave me the recipe for his favorite dish—spaghettini. Here it is:

Ingredients for sauce: One quart size tin of tomatoes; four good sized buttons of garlic chopped very fine, one large onion chopped fine, one pound of finely minced round steak, one pint of chicken feet stock, one quarter pint of first-grade olive oil, four heaped tablespoons of tomato paste, herbs to taste, including two bay leaves, salt and black pepper to taste (not too hot).

Preparation of sauce: Onions and garlic should be slowly cooked (not

browned) in the olive oil. Add tomatoes; minced steak, chicken stock, tomato paste, herbs and seasoning. Bring sauce to boil and allow to simmer for two hours.

Preparation of spaghettini or spaghetti: Use three pounds of spaghettini or spaghetti. Bring the water to boil, then salt to taste and put the spaghettini or spaghetti into the boiling water until cooked

Enough to serve eight people.



FAVORITE dish of John Charles Thomas is spaghettini, which he cooks himself with help of his wife, who will accompany him to Australia.

Do you suffer from CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, or RECURRENT COLDS . . . ?



Here is the way you may get prompt relief and long lasting immunity

If you suffer from Catarrh or Bronchitis, take Lantigen 'B' the dissolved oral vaccine. The stuffy unpleasant symptoms are quickly relieved, and your breathing freed. You feel much better in every way because Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the catarrh germ poisons and builds up bodily resistance so that

immunity, which often lasts for years, is established against them.

Thousands of men, women and children have already proved the effectiveness of the simple Lantigen treatment, and here are personal statements from some of them. Read these carefully.

★ ★ READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS ★ ★

29 Years with Bronchial Catarrh, Now Well:

Miss B. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which, in turn, caused her eyes to run with tears. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly stifled with coughing, and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

Canadian Relieved from Bronchitis:

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without wakening around three o'clock stuffed up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B', and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle." (Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

Wonderful Benefit—Catarrh and Sinus:

"I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from Lantigen 'B' for Catarrh, Sinus, and Antrum Trouble. Treatment for many years failed to do me any good. I decided to try Lantigen 'B', and after several bottles can honestly say I feel a new woman. I have also recommended Lantigen 'B' to my son who suffers from Bronchitis, and he has also found it most beneficial. So trusting this may benefit many other sufferers such as myself." (Signed) Mrs. Dulcie Camage, Mort Street, Blacktown, N.S.W.

Relief from Bronchial Asthma for 79-year-old Man:

"I am writing to thank the makers of Lantigen 'B'. During one serious illness of Bronchial Asthma I was four months in bed. I really never thought I would be able to get about again. One day a friend of mine brought me a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. And after taking three-parts of this one bottle I felt completely recuperated. I can recommend it to anyone who suffers from Bronchitis or Catarrh. My age is 79 years." (Signed) Mr. A. Smith, 94 Alice St., Newtown, N.S.W.

Cannot Speak Too Highly about Lantigen:

Mr. M. Nash, of 37 Philly Street, Enmore, N.S.W., writes: "I am writing to express my appreciation of the results of your wonderful product, Lantigen 'B'. I have only taken two bottles. I may state I have been bronchial for years. I can assure you I cannot speak too highly of it, what it has done for me. Before I took Lantigen 'B' I was always getting colds. After taking one bottle I have not had a cold for 18 months. I can strongly recommend Lantigen 'B' for anyone who has or gets Bronchitis, or any person who constantly gets colds."

Baby Freed From Bronchitis:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from Bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

WHY LANTIGEN 'B' IS EFFECTIVE

Catarrh, Bronchitis, Sinus and Antrum Infections, and recurrent Colds are caused by germs. Lantigen 'B' relieves these disorders because it is a dissolved oral vaccine specially prepared by skilled bacteriologists to neutralise the germ poisons. Absorbed into the system, it incites the creation of what are

called "anti-bodies." These anti-bodies are nature's antidote to the germ toxins. Thus Lantigen 'B' aids in building up the system's resistance, and immunity is frequently established against further infection for a number of years.

Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" and start taking it today.

Just a few drops in water at bedtime . . . no injections, no drugs . . . guaranteed not to harm the heart.

Sinus Infection Cleared:

Mr. J. A. Greig, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh:

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings, and take quite an interest in life again."

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE for

TREATS FIRST
THEN IMMUNISES

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA, SINUS, AND
ANTRUM INFECTIONS
AND RECURRENT COLDS

£1/1/- per bottle — The Recommended Treatment costs less than 3d. per day

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney. Obtainable from Chemists only.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

VIRGOANS, Taurians, and Capricornians who do not get their full value from the present period have only themselves to blame, as the stars are particularly propitious. Cancerians and Pisceans also benefit slightly, but Leonians, Aquarians, and Scorpians may encounter difficulties, and should dodge opposition and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for this week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): April 29 (to noon) fair, but caution advised on May 2, 3, and 4 (early). Routine tasks prove best this week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Make the most of opportunities for change and promotion now, especially on April 30, May 1 (except forenoon), 2 (9 a.m. to 5 p.m.), and 3 (sunset hours). Rest of week not helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine tasks advised. April 30 and May 1 poor; May 2 (to dusk), 3 (sunset), and 6 (to noon) very fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Mild difficulties likely on May 2, 3, and 4 (early), but 4 and 5 (after dusk) or 6 (to noon) can prove quite helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Trouble is easy to find now, so routine tasks are advised. Middle of week tricky: May 4, 5, and 6 all adverse.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Work hard this week, for advancement is likely, especially on April 30, May 1 (except forenoon), 2, 3 (to 9 a.m.), 4 (noon to 5 p.m.), or 6 (to midday).



"Why don't we settle this in court?"

ment is likely, especially on April 30, May 1 (except forenoon), 2, 3 (to 9 a.m.), 4 (noon to 5 p.m.), or 6 (to midday).

LIRKA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Routine affairs advised this week, though future looks promising. May 1 (after 2 p.m.), 2 (to 5 p.m.), 4, and 6 (to noon) all just fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Pitfalls ahead, so be wise. Dodge trouble and disaster on May 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. Keep to routine tasks.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): April 30 and May 1 poor, but speed up important matters on May 2 (to 9 p.m.), 3 (before 10 a.m.), or 6 (to noon).

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Opportunities for money this week. April 30 and May 1 very good, 5 (evening), and 6 (to noon) both very fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be very cautious on April 29, May 4, 5, and 6, and do not attempt any new ventures. Dodge arguments, upsets, and indiscretions.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): A time for cautious progress. Beginning of week difficult, but May 4 (to 7 p.m.), 5 (after 4 p.m.), and 6 (to 11 p.m.) all quite helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 15-24.
SUGAR: 57-12 (cumulative).
BUTTER: 15-18.
MEAT: Ribs, 36-39, green, 41 and 42.
CLOTHING: 257-112 (expires June 30, 1947), 1-58 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 3, 1947



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, came to Glass Inn, on top of haunted Glass Mountain, in search of beautiful

MARSHA DALE: and her guide, who have disappeared. The inn is the creation of **GRATZ:** Who came to the mountain to escape a charge of murder. When Mandrake asks

where Marsha is, Gratz points to the next room, where Marsha is held at the mouth of a pipe leading under the snow. Mandrake hypnotizes

BRUK: So that he will not drop Marsha. But Lothar, crashing through to rescue her, staggers against her, and she vanishes. Mandrake tells Lothar to fetch a rope, as he will try to rescue her. **NOW READ ON:**



SLOWLY MANDRAKE IS LOWERED IN THE DEATH PIPE, WHERE A SLIP MEANS ULTIMATE BURIAL IN A SLOW-MOVING GLACIER FOR CENTURIES.



AT THE BOTTOM, FAR UNDER THE SNOW, THE PIPE WIDENS AND CURVES HORIZONTALLY -- HERE MANDRAKE FINDS MARSHA JUST AS SHE'S DISAPPEARING INTO THE SNOW...



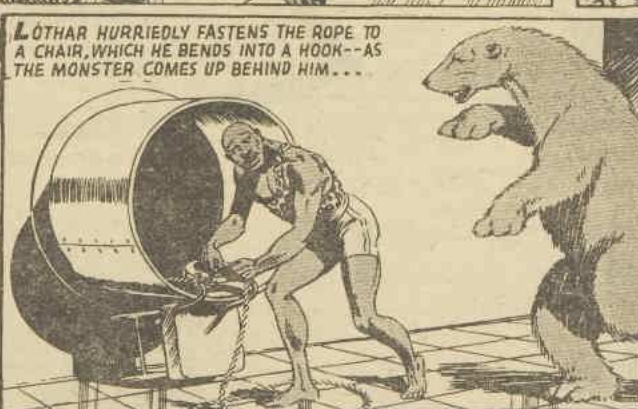
MANDRAKE-- THAT AWFUL FALL-- THE DARKNESS--

DON'T TRY TO TALK, MARSHA. WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A JIFFY.



MEANWHILE, GRATZ HAS NOT BEEN IDLE. HE RELEASES A HUGE, POWERFUL ANIMAL...

NOW--WE'LL SEE! GO, RUFFO!

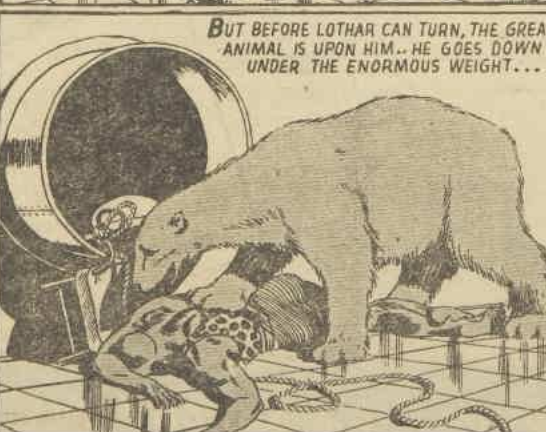


LOTHAR HURRIEDLY FASTENS THE ROPE TO A CHAIR, WHICH HE BENDS INTO A HOOK--AS THE MONSTER COMES UP BEHIND HIM...



WE'VE STOPPED! WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED UP THERE? LOTHAR--LOTHAR--

MANDRAKE CALLS--HIS VOICE ECHOES UP AND DOWN THE LONG PIPE--



BUT BEFORE LOTHAR CAN TURN, THE GREAT ANIMAL IS UPON HIM--HE GOES DOWN UNDER THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT...



WORKING CAREFULLY IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF THE PIPE, MANDRAKE TIES MARSHA TO THE ROPE--UNTYING HIMSELF

I'M GOING TO CLIMB UP--TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED. YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE, MARSHA. TRY NOT TO BE AFRAID.

I'LL TRY-- OH, IT'S SO COLD --

TO BE CONTINUED

"MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN," a 28-page book containing two full-length Mandrake picture stories, is now available at all newsagents. Price 6d.

People think I have a maid, but- ALL I HAVE IS A SECRET !

"The secret to household cleanliness that has the touch of magic For that 'spring clean' look all the year round I use Laurel Kerosene, the best all-purpose cleanser available." Laurel is the ideal cleanser for the bath, basins, and other porcelain ware, and for lino and all household cleaning because it dissolves grease and dirt instantly. Use Laurel also for Refrigeration, Lighting, Cooking, Heating, Incubation, Brooding.



For efficient lighting and heating, use Laurel Kerosene.



For oil-cook stoves, Laurel's a certain success.



Laurel's heat freezes best.



Laurel dissolves grease and dirt instantly.



The modern housewife economises by buying only one all-purpose cleanser, Laurel Kerosene, instead of many different cleansers for various jobs. For convenience, she keeps one quart tin in the kitchen, another in the laundry. Laurel Kerosene is available from all grocers and storekeepers in quart, 1-gallon and 4-gallon tins or drums.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY. LTD.

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 15

It was, of course, obviously unthinkable that Ermyntude should not have the Prince at her table or should fall to separate husbands and wives.

However, when the men presently came into the drawing-room, it soon became apparent that the second table would have to be abandoned for Hugh said firmly that he only took a hand if he was forced to do so and Vicky developed a fit of contrariness and said she hated bridge. Ermyntude was forced to fall back on Mary, an indifferent player, and on Wally, who had an unsuitable habit of joking all the time.

But while she was trying to compose the two tables, the butler came into the room and spoke in a disapproving undertone to Wally.

Ermyntude was feeling flustered, and unfortunately demanded of Peake what was wanted. Peake, who displayed both his employers, said simply but not without a certain satisfaction: "A person of the name of Baker wishes to see Mr. Carter, madam." He added slyly: "Upon urgent business."

Ermyntude turned white, and then red. Wally looked as disconcerted as anyone of his temperament could, and said that it was all right, and he would come. Ermyntude was as much upset by this contretemps as she was by her grip over the bridge question that she had ever had, and weakly jettisoned the second table.

Finally, the Derings and the Bawtys sat down to play, on the understanding that Ermyntude and the Prince would cut in after the first rubber.

That the butler's announcement had been most unwelcome to Ermyntude was apparent to her guests, but the swift glance that passed between Mary and Vicky was noticed by only Hugh. As her elders moved toward the bridge table, fused over solidly by Ermyntude, Vicky slid off the arm of the sofa, where she had perched herself, and strolled aimlessly to the door.

Mary said sharply: "Vicky, where are you going? I was going to suggest billiards—or something."

"All right," said Vicky. "I'll join you."

She went out, and Mary, having the liveliest mistrust of her discretion, said hurriedly to Hugh: "Do go along to the billiard-room! I'll be with you in a minute. I must catch Vicky first."

Considerably intrigued, Hugh docilely obeyed these instructions, and was discovered presently practising canons. He straightened himself as Mary came in with Vicky at her heels, and after casting a look at two rather worried faces, said: "Is anything the matter? Can I help, or do I pretend to be unconscious?"

"Oh, it's nothing!" replied Mary, unconvincedly. "At least, nothing of importance."

"Well, I think it's awfully important that no one should be allowed to spoil Ermyntude's party," said Vicky. "You may think it's awful, anyway, and as a matter of fact it is, but the point is she doesn't, and I'm perfectly certain she'd hate and loathe a scene."

"For goodness sake, Vicky, shut up!" implored Mary.

"Oh, don't make a stranger of me," said Hugh. "Who's going to create a scene? The person of the name of Baker?"

"Well, I'm not at all sure, but I shouldn't wonder if it seemed a pretty good sort of an act to him, on account of his disapproving of plutocrats, and probably of parties," said Vicky. She looked meaningfully at Hugh, then turned back to Mary. "I say, do you think he would be useful? On account of being a barometer, I mean?"

"No, certainly not," said Mary. "Nor do I think we need discuss the matter."

"Yes, but darling, I shouldn't be at all surprised if you turned out to be full of repressions, and inhibitions, and things, and in any case it's practically bound to be all over Fritton by this time, because things always are."

"By all of which I deduce that your relative has got himself into some sort of mess," said Hugh, addressing himself to Mary. "I shouldn't think I could be of any use, could I?"

"No, none at all, thank you," said

Mary. "It's purely a family matter."

"Oh, I thought you didn't want him to know!" exclaimed Vicky.

Hugh looked quickly at Mary's indignant face, and said: "You don't mean it? I don't believe it!"

"No, nor did we at first," agreed Vicky. "But I'm rather coming round to it, because I had a long talk with Percy this afternoon, and he utterly believes it. It's a sickening nuisance, isn't it?"

"Is Percy the person named Baker?" asked Hugh. "Who and what is he?"

"He works in the garage. He's Gladys's brother," explained Vicky.

"And is Gladys the lady involved?"

"Yes, of course. She's the box-office girl at the Regal. I dare say you know her."

"But how do you two come into it? You know, really this is a bit thick! You've no business to be mixed up in it, either of you."

"We aren't mixed up in it," said Mary, in an annoyed voice. "At least, we shouldn't be if Vicky hadn't taken it upon herself to interview the man when he came here this afternoon."

Hugh looked Vicky over critically. "Oh! Nice little hand, aren't you? If you take my advice, you'll keep your nose out of it."

"Yes, but I shouldn't think I would," replied Vicky. "I've been very modern and advanced all day, and I quite feel I may have done a lot of good, talking to Percy."

"You're much more likely to have made things much worse," said Hugh, unfavourably.

Vicky's eyes glinted at him. "Well, I think you're wrong. I often get very brilliant ideas, and I quite think I will over this, because I don't want Ermyntude to have to put up with a scandal she doesn't like."

With that she tossed the stump of her cigarette into the fireplace and walked out of the room.

Hugh turned to Mary. "But she's incredible!" he complained.

"I warned you," said Mary. "I can't cope with her at all. I wish I could, because she's quite capable of doing something outrageous."

"Little beast!" said Hugh wholeheartedly. "Between friends, Mary, this Baker fellow—is he likely to make trouble?"

"I don't know, but if what Vicky told me was true I should think it quite possible. Oh, dear, what a household we are!"

"Poor Mary! It's rotten for you."

"It's worse for Aunt Ermy. I oughtn't to be talking about it, but just lately things seem to have got dreadfully tense. Ever since that ghastly prince arrived it's been most uncomfortable—rather as though we were on the brink of something disastrous."

Hugh frowned. "Do you mean that you think the Prince had had something to do with all this?" he asked thoughtfully.

"No, not really. Don't let's talk about it! I hope to heaven Vicky hasn't gone to barge in on Uncle and Percy Baker. That would tear things wide open—just about."

"Vicky," said Hugh, "wants suppressing."

"Don't I know it! I say, what on earth shall we do if Baker does start a row?"

"I haven't thought out the answer to that one," Hugh confessed. "What you might call a delicate situation."

Happily, no sounds of strife in the library came to disturb the absorption of the bridge players in the drawing-room. Wally returned presently, not apparently, much disturbed by his interview with Mr. Baker, and was easily persuaded to cut into the game. Very soon after-

wards, however, the butler made his second entrance and informed him that Mr. White wished to speak to him on the telephone.

This was too much for Ermyntude. Before Wally had time to reply, she told Peake to inform Mr. White that his master was engaged and could not come to the telephone.

Bridge came to an end at eleven o'clock, and after everyone had added up his or her score, the errors had been traced to their sources, and a result arrived at which satisfied everyone, it was half an hour later, and the Derings' car had been announced quite twenty minutes earlier.

The initial strain of entertaining guests of whom she stood in awe, coupled with the alarming announcement of Mr. Baker's arrival and capped with Harold White's ill-timed telephone call, had proved too much for Ermyntude.

She felt quite unequal to the task (clearly incumbent on her) of demanding an explanation of his conduct from Wally, and after bidding the Prince good-night in a failing voice she went upstairs to bed, leaving heavily on the banisters.

However, if Wally had hoped to escape questioning that night, he had reckoned without his step-daughter. That damsel was lying in wait for him, and came out of her bedroom when he passed her door on his way to his own.

"What happened?" she demanded. Wally eyed her uneasily. "What are you talking about?"

"You might as well come clean," said Vicky. "I know all about Gladys and Percy. In fact, we all know."

Wally was pardonably affronted, and commented bitterly upon the licence permitted to the young in these unregenerate days. "Nosing into my affairs!" he said. "Nice behaviour for a girl just home from school, I must say!"

QUITE unmoved by her stepfather's outburst, Vicky said calmly, "Well, you're wrong. I didn't go noosing. Ermyntude found Percy's letter in your pocket and was so upset that she told Mary and me. Is Percy going to make trouble?"

"Certainly not!" said Wally. "The whole affair was absurd."

"Oh!" said Vicky doubtfully. "Did you get Percy to see that?"

"Naturally. Just a few minutes' plain talk and I was able to put the whole thing straight."

"That means you've promised to pay," said Vicky. "Or else you've robbed him off for the moment and he'll come back."

"It seems to me," said Wally, with a good deal of asperity, "that all you learned at that precious finishing-school of yours was to swoop round listening at keyholes."

Upon which austere pronouncement he strode away grandly, but a little uncertainly, in the direction of his bedroom.

If Wally hoped that his wife was going to turn a blind eye to his latest peccadillo, he was soon undeceived. Though the night might have brought little counsel and less repose to Ermyntude, it did strengthen her determination to "have it out" with Wally.

Mary and Vicky, and probably the Prince, too, knew that a highly dramatic scene had been staged in Ermyntude's bedroom before breakfast on the following morning, for when Ermyntude succumbed to her emotions she became not only hysterical, but extremely shrill.

When Ermyntude did not appear to take her place behind the coffee-cups, Mary began to feel uneasy.

Trying to sound casual, she told the Prince that Ermyntude had a headache and was breakfasting in her room. He accepted this information with all the polite concern of one who had not tipped his early tea to the accompaniment of an unleashed female voice screeching, in ruthless crescendo, every sin his host had committed since his marriage.

Mary could not but applaud the correctness of his attitude, and was just beginning to accuse herself of having been unjust to the Prince when he once more alienated her sympathy by leading their conversation into a channel whither she refused to follow him. Gracefully, delicately, but none the less obviously, Prince Varanashvill was attempting to discover from Miss Cliffe the terms of the late Mr. Panshawe's will.

He spoke of what he must suppose to be Vicky's large expectations, adding with a smile which Mary thought brazen: "She is at all times enchanting, but when it is known that she will have also a fortune when she comes of age—is it not so?—one is astonished that she is not already betrothed! It is very well, however. She should make what you call a good match, do you not agree?"

"Yes, Vicky's very attractive," responded Mary woodenly.

"You also, Miss Cliffe, are one of the lucky ones, I understand," the Prince continued. "I hear that you, too, are an heiress."

For a startled moment Mary wondered whether he was considering her as a possible bride, but came to the conclusion, after a glance at his face, that he was merely changing a subject she obviously disliked.

"An heiress!" she said. "I'm afraid you've been listening to Uncle Wally, Prince."

"Certainly yes. It's not true? Alas, then! I understood that there is an aunt who leaves all her money to your guardian, and that you are his heiress."

"You've got it wrong," replied Mary. "My guardian's Aunt Clara hasn't made a will at all, and isn't likely to, because to tell you the truth, she's been mad for years."

"Yes, and a good job, too," said Wally, who had just come into the room. "I've no doubt if she were sane she'd go and leave every penny to a home for lost cats, because that's just the sort of thing that happens to me. In fact, it would be just my luck if the old girl recovered, instead of kicking the bucket, which is what she ought to have done years ago." He sat down, and shook out his napkin.

I am 17, and stay at home to help with the housekeeping and the upbringing of a sister and two brothers, the three being under the age of six. Yet girls of my acquaintance who go out to work look down on me. I'm told: "You only stay at home, don't you?" "You only do housework."

In spite of it, I have the satisfaction of knowing that when I've a husband I'll be able to run my home efficiently, and turn out well-cooked meals.

5/- to "Laughing East," "Hill Padon," Three Springs, W.A.

Please turn to page 30

What's on your mind?

Simple rules for happier living

IN the "good old days" it was possible to choose a house in a suburb where our friends lived. To-day we are grateful to find a house anywhere, and so it is often necessary to settle among strangers.

Much unhappiness will be avoided if one or two common-sense rules are followed in the new surroundings.

Don't start off by criticising the suburb in which you find yourself, but praise its good features. Many of the residents chose it to live in, and recent criticism which is not constructive.

Talk about common ground—women's interests, such as babies, housekeeping, gardening, or clothes, and not about personalities. The latter is dangerous, and what you have said often travels to the ears of the person discussed.

Don't enter into children's quarrels. They so easily become those of the parents.

It's wise to treat your next-door neighbor as a good acquaintance in another suburb.

A "popping-in-next-door" friendship rarely succeeds for long, and is often followed by unpleasantness.

Make your friends slowly. It's often best to make them through reliable community organisations.

Our happiness depends a good deal upon how we get along with our neighbors, and a little thought given to this matter will save us from many difficulties and much unpleasantness.

11 to Mrs. Sybil Wood, "Belgeny," Taylor Square, Sydney.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. An letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will they be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Price of a ring

DO young girls these days only think of engagement rings? They only seem to be happy displaying a diamond ring on the third finger.

Homes and furniture are far more important. Quite a lot of useful things could be bought with the price of one ring.

5/- to Mrs. Sidney Aitken, 6 McDonald St., West Preston, Vic.

Birthday calls

RADIO birthday calls have surely reached the height of absurdity. People who cannot control their own families allow their weaknesses to be shouted out over the radio.

The type of call which should be made an offence is that which bids



Johnny not to pull his sister's hair; Dorcas uses her mother's lipstick and lies in bed till 9 o'clock when she should be up helping mother with the sweeping; Billy is 8 years old to-day, and shouldn't eat so much at the table!

5/- to R. Perry, Wallar, via Mudgee, N.S.W.

Fruit club

FRUIT trees in season yield more than the average family can use and so it is with french beans and tomatoes, and sometimes flowers. Instead of wasting the surplus, many people just give it away to neighbors, which is a good idea if in need. Mostly they are the average working family, who would buy the fruit if it was not given to them.

But if everyone in a suburban street got together and formed a club, having a secretary and treasurer, they could sell surplus fruit, vegetables, and eggs to each other, with the profit going towards some charitable institution.

The seller would not feel mean taking the money from someone else, for the total would soon mount up for charity and no one would really miss it.

These things could be sold cheaper than shop price, and the shops wouldn't lose. For no sensible person would let this surplus rot while he had a neighbor to give it to, whether paid for or not.

5/- to Mrs. M. Marwin, 24 Marriott St., Caulfield, Vic.

Cooks are essential

WHEN are people going to realise that cooks, housekeepers, and domestics are essential people in the community? Too often one hears remarks like, "She's only the cook," "She only helps in the house."

I think a person who can cook well and run a home efficiently is to be respected.

I am 17, and stay at home to help with the housekeeping and the upbringing of a sister and two brothers, the three being under the age of six.

Yet girls of my acquaintance who go out to work look down on me. I'm told: "You only stay at home, don't you?" "You only do housework."

In spite of it, I have the satisfaction of knowing that when I've a husband I'll be able to run my home efficiently, and turn out well-cooked meals.

5/- to "Laughing East," "Hill Padon," Three Springs, W.A.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Dr. Norman Wettenhall, of Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Joan Lamb, at reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club after marriage at St. Mark's. Reg Lamb (left), bride and bridegroom, Mrs. Reg Lamb, Chris Mayley, Helen Bowman, Hugh Wettenhall, Pam Owen, and Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander Douglas Fearon, R.A.N.



LORD WAVELL LEAVES INDIA. The Honorable Pamela Mountbatten (left), Lady Wavell, Viscount Mountbatten, Lord Wavell, and Lady Mountbatten at Palam aerodrome before the departure of Lord Wavell and Lady Wavell.



BELETED CELEBRATION for John and Connie Havill when they lunch at Prince's. John recovers from illness which precluded his taking part in Easter festivities.

Intimate Greetings

FAMILY dinner-party at South Australian Hotel when Peg Wallman, of New Hindmarsh, and Tony Chisholm, of Bond Spring Station, Alice Springs, announce engagement.

Tony is son of Mrs. Jim Sargood, of Sydney, and the late Mr. R. M. Chisholm.

Peg's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Wallman, are hosts to Mr. and Mrs. Sargood, who fly to Adelaide to be present at announcement.

Also in party are their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallman, their younger son Jim, Tony's brother, Bruce Chisholm, and Miss Ruby Richardson, Peg's aunt. Peg's ring is lovely diamond solitaire.

Young couple plan to marry next year, by which time they hope to have home built on the station property which Tony manages. In few weeks' time he will return to Adelaide for brief stay as guest of Dr. and Mrs. Wallman.

Peg then plans to visit her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Staines, of Erdulunda Station, Alice Springs, whom she was visiting last October during leave from the Children's Hospital when she and Tony met. Later will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Sargood, who are at Bond Spring for several months.

HOME for Mrs. Arthur Smythe, of Bellevue Hill, for the next six months will be in the lovely Dutch island of Curacao, in the Caribbean Sea. She arrived there recently to see her daughter, Mrs. Dirk Rob, formerly Jean Smythe, a well-known Sydney mannequin and model.

It is four years since Jean left Sydney for Curacao with her Dutch husband, who is a pilot in the K.L.M. flying between Curacao and New York. Further excitement for Mrs. Smythe was seeing her grandson, Sjoerd, for the first time. The baby is only six weeks old.



HAPPY COUPLE. The Arthur Kriegs, who were married recently at St. Columba's, Ryde, celebrate at party at Roosevelt Restaurant, Macleay Street. Bride formerly Vivienne Roberts, of West Ryde, formerly of Alice Springs, and Arthur, who is Darwin manager of Guinea Airways, is son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Krieg, of Adelaide.

LOTS of interest in Grafton when Idyee Morrison marries Roger Pike, of Mosman, at Christ Church Cathedral, where bride's mother was married, and where Idyee was christened and confirmed. Guests attend from Inverell, Armidale, Tenterfield, Casino, Lismore, Brisbane, and Sydney. Bridesmaids Jean Nicholas, of Inverell, and Gwendolyn Johnson, of Casino, are old school friends of bride, and all attended N.E.G.G.S. at Armidale together.

Reception after wedding is held at home of bride's mother, Mrs. John Rena, and her husband, Col. Rena.

COUNTRY interest when Joan West, daughter of the Mayor of Nowra, Alderman P. S. West, and Mrs. West, marries Noel Reardon, of "Revenue," Condobolin, at St. Michael's Church, Nowra. Bride and bridegroom will make their future home in Condobolin.

HEARD Colonel Alan Muir, Judge Acton, and Arthur Symes reviving their knowledge of the Malay language with Mrs. John Stewart at her cocktail party at Beauregard, Elizabeth Bay. Mrs. Stewart, whose husband is a well-known doctor in northern Malaya, is just back from Singapore, returning with ten-year-old son to King's School after flying visit to prewar home in Perak, Malaya.

Rehabilitation progresses steadily. Mrs. Stewart tells me, and up-country conditions are much better than in Singapore. However, there's a great shortage of clothing among Asiatics, as cloth is in very short supply, and when procurable, fantastically expensive. Mrs. Stewart is appealing to her friends to donate cast-off clothing, which she will send to her husband for distribution to needy cases.

Joyle



COUNTRY INTEREST. Philip Ward, of Denman, and his bride, formerly Dorothy Bowman, of Morton Bay, Leadville, leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with attendants, bride's sister, Alice Bowman, and Wallace White, of Denman.



PHOTO FROM AMERICA. Victor and Jocelyn Morgan send home photo taken looking at their marriage lines after marriage in Reno, Nevada. Jocelyn formerly Jocelyn Pucker, eldest daughter of the H. R. Puckers, of Eastwood.



ATTENDING ART EXHIBITION. Mrs. E. H. K. McKerrigan (left) and Alma Hubner inspect Loudon Smith's exhibition at Macquarie Galleries.



CANBERRA WEDDING. Roy Thompson and his bride, formerly Shirley Keane, cut cake at reception at Barton House following wedding at St. John's.

WORTH Reporting

MELBOURNE University's newly appointed Professor of Architecture, Professor Brian Lewis, and his architect wife, who recently arrived from England, gave us their ideas on the ideal family house.

They have five children, so they have plenty of practical knowledge of family needs. They advocate:

- Separate bedroom for each child. (When this isn't possible, Mrs. Lewis suggests curtained cubicles to give each child a sense of privacy.)
- Playroom, separate from sleeping quarters, with very little furniture but plenty of low cupboard space. Walls partly of blackboards.
- Wall lights built in beside beds instead of reading lamps. (Saves dusting, says Mrs. Lewis.)
- Large living-room, even if other rooms are small.
- Kitchen in central position.
- Staircases covered with inlaid linoleum; floors of polished natural oak; built-in wardrobes.

Mrs. Lewis says also that mothers who follow a career at home need a room of their own to work in.

"Children and work don't always combine," remarked her husband.

He recalled how one of the children once invaded the basement office of their London home and put daubs of paint on a Royal Academy drawing on which he had been working for weeks.

Tasmanian-born, Melbourne-educated Professor Lewis met his wife when both were studying architecture at Liverpool University. In London he was Chief Architect to Great Western Railways.

Animal Antics



"Well, well... if it isn't Stinky Johnson!"

Never satisfied

QUIZ session prizes in America have reached a hysterical high, with huge prizes given away.

They don't please everyone, judging by this letter we found from a reader in an American magazine.

"Dear Sir: I don't want to be wined and dined and showered with gifts—I got no use for a new washing machine, a flying-foxtrot, a garbage-disposal unit, or a roll of cold American dollars big enough to choke a horse."

"I can't go on a tour of cabarets, on account of my ulcers clash with the liquor—I don't even care if I have to give up a mink coat. I'll struggle along with my mangy muskrat."

"All I want is a new stomach sans ulcer or my good old disposition back again. Got anything to offer in the way of a quiz show that'll take care of my needs?"

Mouse town

VICTORIANS in the mouse-plagued districts may react rather sourly to the news that a Mouse Town is a great attraction for children at Britain's Dudley Zoo.

The residents are white mice, and the town has miniature houses built to scale. There is a school, a church, a cinema, a "Cat's Head Inn," garage, and a police station.

In the fair-ground is a Big Cheese Dipper. Cheese lures the mice to the top, where they lose their balance and come tumbling down. The mice are also enticed to work a treadmill, which generates current for the town lighting.

Three ex-servicemen planned Mouse Town. One was a display artist, one an interior decorator, the other a stencil cutter.

They are now working on a rabbit town, and plan a guinea-pig town after that.

Milk run to Panama

LONGEST milk run in the world is from New Orleans to the Panama Canal Zone.

United States authorities bring the bottled milk down in special refrigerator boats from New Orleans to the Zone for Americans in the armed forces and Civil Service.

Reason is that there are no cows in the Canal Zone, and those in Panama are not under strict observation, which makes infection a risk.

HOME-HUNTERS' hearts missed a beat at the sight of a placard in a city store announcing "Flats To Live In."

But hope was short-lived. "Flats" referred to low-heeled golf shoes.

Response to editorial

WE were pleased at the response to our Easter editorial, "The Message of Easter." We have received many letters of congratulation, including some from the clergy.

The editor of a Victorian Church of England Men's Society magazine commends it to all his readers, and in New South Wales a clergyman recommended it from the pulpit to his congregation.

We were interested by the way to note that most of the letters addressed the editor as "Dear Sir," and several requested more of this type of writing from "men in your position."

The Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly is a woman, and with one exception all members of the editorial staff in all States are women.

Food lure of travel

NOWADAYS many young Englishmen are eager to go to sea (writes Betty Nesbitt, of our staff, now in London). But the lure now is food rather than adventure.

They can buy stores in well-fed countries such as Australia, New Zealand, Canada, America, and South America.

Every crew member is allowed to take 25lb. of food ashore at the home port, but Customs men cast a benevolent eye on those exceeding this limit.

Versatile hatboxes

IN America the hatbox carried by the models for the famous Conover Agency has come to be regarded as a trademark of the profession.

Conover cover girls at first carried these purely for the hats they needed for a modelling job. Finding the bags convenient carry-alls, the girls started to use them whether on a job or not.

But now the fact that a girl carries a Conover hatbox will no longer mark her as a model.

A firm of bag makers in New York thought that the round hatbox (14 inches across by 6½ inches deep) would be excellent for general use. So they made an arrangement with Harry Conover and are making them to sell at about £5.

Conovers gave a luncheon to launch the bags on the market. Twelve Conover "Cover Girls" demonstrated their uses—as school-bags, for housewives' shopping, for picnic lunches, and as overnight cases.

No ROMANCE...UNTIL MY blotchy SKIN RASH DISAPPEARED

My first big date with Bill went flop, because of that ugly rash on my face. Nothing I tried did the slightest good.

Then I happened to meet Auntie. She said Rexona Ointment had done wonders in clearing up my cousin's rash. So I decided to try Rexona.

Each night I smoothed that ointment on the rough, red patches. In a few days they disappeared and the dreadful irritation vanished completely.

Thanks to Rexona Ointment my skin is always clear and smooth now. That's why Bill keeps saying nice things about my complexion!

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

(Cib. & Suburbs)

O.P. 31

You'll see a dazzling future when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

YOU'RE sure to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium—the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Princess Elizabeth of Britain

Continued from page 17

THE greater amount of curiosity, however, of the English public, as well as of the American and Russian Press, has been devoted less to gossip and trivialities than to learning the truth about Elizabeth's character and, now that the marks of maturity are upon her, what manner of Queen she will make.

According to the fairy-tale formula, just as every ordinary girl wants to wake up a princess, every real princess wants to be a shopgirl, with full freedom to indulge in the proletarian delights. Princess Elizabeth does not fit into this formula. From every indication, she liked the idea of being a princess, and when the day comes, if it doesn't come too soon, she will like the idea of being Queen.

Elizabeth has admitted, privately, that she does not wish to think of the throne, not yet. Mainly because, to inherit the high seat, she would have to replace her father. She adores him—calling him "Papa" in the Palace—and she cannot imagine stepping in after an abdication, or dwelling in a world from which he has passed.

Also, she is not ready to don the straitjacket of formality and seriousness that comes with queenship. Her

early years were packed with grueling training, and the years ahead promise only protocol and officialdom.

The present period, the transition, is her breathing spell. She would hate, overnight, to forgo the night clubs, the informal life, the being young, for the rigidity of rule.

In fact, though she doesn't object when her sister teases her about her romance with Philip, she is irked when Margaret constantly reminds her that she will be Queen, and live unhappily ever after in a fish bowl, while Margaret, as the second in succession, will remain a free soul, tri-la.

Most of all, despite the fact that her great-great-grandmother, Victoria, became queen at 18, Elizabeth does not feel equal to the responsibility. She knows very well what is ahead of her. She knows that, even if she never becomes Empress of India, her Empire without India will still include one-sixth the population and six-sevenths the territory her father governs.

She knows, first-hand, the ten-million square mile headache ahead of her, the problems and the grief of holding together four self-governing dominions and

46 colonies. She knows, too, that she will not be a dummy queen, "a ceremonial queen," as the Communist "Daily Worker" of London predicted.

Recently, reading a biography of herself, she came across the reminder, "Though the executive powers of the Crown have shrunk and diminished with the passing centuries, its power and influence by guidance and example have steadily grown."

But she knows her main task will be that of posing as a symbol of continuity, and that her actual powers will be relatively few. She may, for example, create peers, thus upsetting the balance of power in Parliament, but she would scarcely attempt such a move.

As head of the Privy Council, she can wield a veto all her own, but no member of the Royal Family has ever attempted this—or is ever likely to. Technically, she can name a new Prime Minister. Usually this is simply a rubber stamp, since the people have indicated their choice. Her position is chiefly one of influence with families, bankers, admirals, members, publishers.

But figurehead or not, Princess Elizabeth is in no haste to undertake the responsibilities of the throne.

(To be continued next week.)



TIMESAVER. Mrs. Grace Haynes saves Norma Attard a trip to town by taking shopping order for her at production branch store.



TEEN-AGE HUDDLE. Pat Darlington and Diane Sills select favorites from record library for Music While You Work session.



STAFF SHOP is rushed at lunchtime. Stocks vary from pickles to pullovers, carry 15 per cent. discount. Special orders are sent from store.

MIXING BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Recreation, free services make factory jobs more popular

By AINSLIE BAKER

Competition between factory managements to obtain staff, and to keep it, is just as keen now as competition for customers. So amenities offered to workers far outstrip the requirements of factory acts.

Managements make it their aim to keep their workers keen and interested, and many inducements are offered to employees, particularly to women.

AT one factory, David Jones' Marlborough Street production branch, employees are paid for ideas which save time, labor, or costs.

Payment for ideas is on a sliding scale, beginning at 10/-.

For thinking of the now famous Sandra Shaw cosmetic-line slogan — "Your Passport to Beauty"—laundry section's Mrs. Victoria Shalgorsky proved herself an idea-woman by winning the £10 prize against 6000 fellow employees.

She used the money to buy food parcels to send to her family in Europe.

Sixteen-year-old Shirley

Mercer, of Kingsford, has been at Marlborough Street underwear section for two years and has averaged a six-monthly award for ideas submitted.

Maisie Patterson, tailoring department senior, who has been with the branch more than six years, collected £20 because she submitted a time-saving suggestion for employees reporting back after sickness. It was adopted and put into general practice.

To discuss the 1000 ideas put forward by bright production branch people during the past 14 months, a managerial suggestion meeting is held weekly.

Anyone who isn't sure what section of the factory he or she would



SERVE YOURSELF. Production branch employees may have a snack; milk is 1d a glass. Self-selection keeps staff.

like to work in is helped come to a decision by Mrs. G. Artlett, personnel superintendent. Formally, it's called vocational guidance; informally, it's a chat at Mrs. Artlett's office, while she listens to your likes, dislikes, and ideas.

Because modern production management doesn't approve of people going into work for which they don't feel an aptitude, Mrs. Artlett will try to find you something that you do like.

As well as a dressmaking and tailoring section, Marlborough Street handles shoe repairs, dry-cleaning, laundry, box-making, leather-bag manufacture, and printing.

A lot of the youngsters who've just left school go into the tailoring and dressmaking training school.

So that new employees will feel at home in record time there's a day set aside each week for all newcomers to be taken on a branch inspection. This gives them the opportunity to see what sort of work is being done in other sections besides their own.

Those who don't like the work they try first can apply to be transferred to something else.

If a girl or boy doesn't fit in anywhere, Mrs. Artlett has a talk with the parents and suggests employment with another firm to which she feels he or she would be suited. No one is just dismissed.

The bonus system gives most good machinists the opportunity to make an extra £3 a week.

"Because lots of the girls haven't machines at home," Mrs. Artlett said, "we hope in the very near future to have one night a week when machines will be available to girls for personal sewing."

"We are going to try to have someone to advise on cutting out and finishing and fitting."

Amenities include a staff shop, a bonus system in some sections, a

staff savings bank, a visit to visit those who are ill, attendance competition, theatre party as the prize.

If you live alone and through illness, Mrs. M. ex-A.A.M.W.S., and her welfare officer, will take cine, library books, cheer for you, and do your hair.

She will visit all sick officers even make bed in house.

Miss Patterson is branch's lending library books and magazines numbering 5000, par.

She is helped out with a roster of volunteers.

Lunch-hour

The cafeteria is on Thursdays to be for those who live to jump.

That's when the goes into action and lunch-hour concert talent.

The Music Club's the cost of the management put in half. There's a make the chanteuse with mate style.

Winner of the Talent Quest is given free vocal or tuition.

The Arts and Crafts have put on an annual for the past two years prizes.

"Almost everyone this year's president of the dressmaking



SURGERY. Matron Hezard treats June Parker's arm. Surgery is gleaming, light, and airy.



ARTS AND CRAFTS committee meet in library to discuss arrangements for annual display of work. Committee is elected annually.



WELFARE OFFICER helps by taking medicine and pay to Mrs. Ethel McMaster, who is away sick.



STAPLING MACHINE is worked by Maisie Gordon, 11 years in the branch's box-making section.



SCHOOL. A demonstrator in the tailoring and dressmaking school shows career-minded youngsters the correct way to cut material. Pictures by staff photographer H. Hasenpflug.



CLOSE HARMONY. Mixed quartet tries a number through Music Club mike. Lunch-hour concerts are held on Thursdays.



CLOCKING ON. Norma Poppleton, of Haberfield, greets her fellow-workers. Work begins at 8 a.m., finishes at 5.45 p.m. Saturday morning is free. Attendance contest reduces absenteeism.

"The Arts and Crafts show gives people a chance to compare their work and exchange ideas."

There are sections for all kinds of hobbies, from miniature ships to electric clocks, needlework, and garden produce.

Committee members are elected by popular vote.

From 12 to 12.30 daily you'll hear an amplified musical programme chosen by each section in rotation.

"Begin the Beguine" and "Jealousy" head the branch hit-parade.

The day we were out there getting the photos, Pat Darlington (17), of Marriekville, and Diane Sills (16), of Auburn, came from the dressmaking section to select the records.

Pat, who loves good music, and saw "A Song to Remember," spent a lot of time looking for Chopin's "Polonaise." "We often play it," she said. "In fact, we play as much good music as jazz. The records I dislike most are Victor Silvester's."

But Diane likes him. Both girls approved of the choice of an unlisted Tommy Dorsey recording.

At the Marlborough Street staff shop you can stock up on groceries, cosmetics, cardigans, or chemists' goods.

If you are buying a toothbrush

or a wedding present you get a 15 per cent. discount as a member of the staff.

If you can't see what you want and have no wish to go to town (time off is allowed for shopping in the company's city stores), an assistant will telephone through and order what you require to be sent to Marlborough Street.

Someone has even thought of people who've got important letters to post and forget to buy stamps. The staff shop sells them, and the branch has its own letter-box.

Section clerks operate the staff savings bank each Monday, receiving contributions from people who want to save up for Christmas.

The idea is you can put savings in, but—except in unusual cases—can't get them out until Christmas—spending time comes round again. Then they're all yours.

Absenteeism for frivolous reasons doesn't pay off in popularity, because the inter-section attendance competition means a theatre party for the winners.

In addition to all this, good work puts you in line for selection to attend special lectures on foremanship and supervising, given by members of the Technical College staff.

MARY had finished her breakfast by this time, and now got up, adorning Wally to look after his guest.

"As far as I can see, he doesn't need any looking after," said Wally outrageously. "Quite one of the family, aren't you?"

The Prince refused to take offence, but replied smilingly: "Yes, indeed, you have made me feel so. It's very pleasant! I assure you, I enjoy my stay enormously."

"Well, I'm glad to see someone's pleased," retorted Wally, eyeing him with gloomy dislike.

Mary felt unequal to the task of coping with this situation, and left the room, preferring to perform another unpleasant duty. She went upstairs to visit Ermytrude.

That afflicted lady was lying in the centre of a large rose-pink brocade bed. A strong aroma of scent filled the room, and the pink silk curtains were drawn to shut out the indiscreetly cheerful sun.

"Is that you, dearie?" she said faintly. "Oh, my head!"

Mary was fond of Ermytrude, and, although she might deprecate her flights into hysteria, she thought that Wally treated her abominably, and so was able to reply with genuine sympathy: "Poor Aunt Ermy! I'll bathe your forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and you'll soon feel more yourself."

"I've come to the end," announced Ermytrude in a voice that would have done credit to any tragedienne. "I've tried my best, but this is the parting of the ways!"

Mary opened the window at the bottom, and began to soak a handkerchief with eau-de-Cologne. "Are you going to divorce Wally?" she asked bluntly.

This swift descent from the realms of drama to the practical was rather ill-timed. Ermytrude gave a moan, and turned her face into one of the lace-edged pillows that sprawled all over the head of the bed.

Realising that she had spoken out of turn, Mary said no more, but began to bathe Ermytrude's brow. After a slight pause, Ermytrude said: "I oughtn't to speak of such things to you. You being his ward

and all, and so young and innocent!"

"Never mind about that," replied Mary, speaking as mechanically as she felt any actress must in the two hundred and fiftieth performance of a successful drama. "What happened?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" besought Ermytrude with a shudder.

It was indeed unnecessary; the history of the morning's encounter with Wally came pouring out, a little garbled perhaps, and certainly incoherent, but graphic enough to present Mary with a comprehensive picture.

Ermytrude spoke in thrilling tones, working herself up to the moment when, starting up in bed and flinging wide two plump arms, she demanded to be told why she should bear this humiliation when a better and nobler man asked nothing more of life than to be allowed to take her away from it all.

"The Prince?" asked Mary. Ermytrude sank back on to her pillows and groped for the smelling-salts.

"He couldn't remain silent any longer," she said simply. "He has struggled, but when he saw—that he realised the life I lead, the way Wally treats me, flesh and blood wouldn't stand it! He spoke! Oh, Mary dear, when I think that if things had been different I might have been Princess Varasahvill, it seems to me as though I just can't bear it!"

Mary was silent for a moment, but presently she said: "Well, why don't you divorce Wally, Aunt Ermy?"

Ermytrude had cast an anguished arm across her eyes, but she lowered it at this and replied with a note of sound common sense in her voice: "Divorce Wally, on account of this Baker hussy? I'm not such a fool! Besides, look what harm it would do my Vicky if I was to go and get a divorce!"

"I don't really see why it should," "I daresay you don't, but I wasn't born yesterday, and I know what

people are! Goodness knows, the right people look down on me enough without my giving them something fresh to turn up their noses at!"

"Oh!" cried Mary, moved for the first time during this scene, "you mustn't think that sort of thing, Aunt Ermy. If people look down on you, you can be sure they aren't the right people, and don't bother your head over them."

"That's all very well for you, dearie; you've had education," said Ermytrude. "Funny, isn't it, when you think how I could buy up the Derings and the Bawrys and all the rest of them and never notice it? Oh well! There's no use repining, as they say. But there's one thing I'm determined on and always have been, and that is that there's never going to be any sneering at my Vicky." She sighed gustily.

"She's been brought up a lady, and her father was a real gentleman, and whatever else I may have been I've always been respectable and no one can say different!"

AGAIN Mary was moved to quick sympathy, and she said warmly, "But no one would think you less respectable for divorcing Wally."

"That's all you know, dearie," replied Ermytrude tartly. "I know different! What with my having been on the stage and having the kind of looks I have I can just hear all the Nosey-Parkers saying it was all a put-up job and Wally doing it to oblige me just so as I could marry a prince!"

Mention of her exalted suitor and the thoughts of splendor his title conjured up proved too much for her. She abandoned herself to despair, moaning faintly that she would have to go on being a bird in a golden cage.

Mary could not help laughing at this. "Dear Aunt Ermy, at least the gold is your own! Has the Prince

actually asked you to divorce Wally, and marry him?"

"A woman," proclaimed Ermytrude in throbbing accents, "doesn't have to be told everything in black and white! The Prince is the soul of honor!"

"Quite," said Mary dryly. "Does he know that you don't approve of divorce?"

"I had to tell him! I couldn't let him waste his life on me, could I? The might-have-been! Oh dear, my head feels as though it would split!"

Mary moistened her handkerchief again, and laid it across Ermytrude's brow. "If you don't mean to divorce Wally, what are you going to do?" she inquired.

"Heaven only knows!" responded Ermytrude, with a convulsive sob.

"I don't want to sound unympathetic, Aunt Ermy," Mary said, "but, after all, you've known Wally for ages. Let me bring you some tea, and some thin toast, and you'll feel better."

"I couldn't touch a morsel!" said Ermytrude. "You know what I get like when Wally's upset me. Feel how burning hot I am. I shall probably be ill for a week. That's the worst of having an artist's temperament—one suffers for it."

If Ermytrude contemplated extending a nerve-crisis over a week, Mary could not help feeling that the other inmates of the house would suffer to an almost equal extent.

She agreed that Ermytrude was certainly in a high fever, and refrained from pointing out that the day was bidding fair to be a very hot one, and that a fat, satin-covered eiderdown might well be expected to make anyone burning hot. She offered to ring Dr. Chester's house, and ask him to call.

This suggestion made favor.

"Tell him to bring me a sedative," said Ermytrude, in a fading voice. "I couldn't bear anyone else near me, but Maurice always understands. He's the kind of man I can talk to."

Mary went away to perform this mission.

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 25

VICKY was in the hall, and had just replaced the receiver of the telephone as Mary came towards it. Vicky had enlivened the Sabbath by coming down to breakfast in abbreviated tennis-shorts and a sleeveless shirt. "Hello!" she greeted Mary. "That was that corrosive Harold White. I do think he's getting awfully redundant, don't you?"

"What does he want this time?" "Wally. It's getting to be a habit with him, I say, would it be heartless, or anything, if I went and played tennis? Because I've told White to send Alan over. I quite meant to be a Comfort-to-Mother, in pale-blue organdie, but she rather turned her face to the wall."

"No, much better leave her alone. I'm going to ask Maurice to come and see her. You might have invited Janet, too. Then you could have had a four, with the Prince."

"Yes, I might, but I thought not. She's got such fuzzy edges. I think she's out of focus. Besides, she's going to church. I've asked Alexis to come and play, though, which is definitely a Sundayish sort of thing for me to have done, because as a matter of fact I've got frightfully tired of him."

"Oh, so have I," said Mary involuntarily. "But he'll leave tomorrow, won't he?"

"Well, I'm not sure, but I've got a crushing suspicion that he means to linger. So I told him in the most utterly tactful way that Ermytrude's one of those obsolete people who reckon nuts to divorce. It may shift him, but, of course, now that Wally's started this imbroglio, I do see that the stage is practically set for Alexis to do his big act. I suppose you wouldn't like to come and play tennis?"

"No, I can't. I must look after Aunt Ermy. What on earth are we going to do with the Prince this afternoon? We ought to have fixed up a proper tennis party, of course. Well, it's too late now, and, in any case, if Aunt Ermy doesn't pull herself together— She left the sentence unfinished, and picked up the telephone.

To be continued

THIS VELVET SOAP USER HASN'T BOUGHT TEA TOWELS FOR 17 YEARS

Mrs. N. J. Kirwan, 6 Mount St., Strathfield, N.S.W., has proved how Velvet Soap makes linens last. Read her story.

says Aunt Jenny



1. "I'M REAL PROUD OF THESE TEATOWELS, AUNT JENNY," writes Mrs. Kirwan. "17 years ago I bought the material in them for 7½d. yard, made them myself—and there you are! Of course, they've always been washed in Velvet suds . . . that's why they've lasted so long."

2. "IF ONLY THIS TABLECLOTH COULD TALK," laughs Mrs. Kirwan, "what praise it would give Velvet Soap. It's 70 years old, was in my mother's glory box, and she passed it on to me. The supper cloth in the photo has had 30 years' regular use!" So that's pretty good proof of Velvet's extra gentle washing care, don't you think, ladies?

3. LAST BUT NOT LEAST there's this frock Mrs. Kirwan is wearing as she busily wraps bundles and food parcels for Britain (Mrs. Kirwan is an ardent worker for this cause). "You'd never know this frock was 15 years old, would you?" smiles Mrs. Kirwan. "That's because, although it's washed constantly, it's always washed in Velvet suds!"



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GRANNY

"Not a very old hand at it, are you? Come over here; I'll light it for you."

Now, Mummy, now, Kathy thought desperately. In a minute it will be too late. But Mummy said nothing and Kathy sucked in. The smoke got up her nose. She gasped sharply and inhaled more. Her eyes watered; she coughed and choked. "Oh, I hate it!" she cried. "Don't you think she's had enough, Mrs. Beecher?" Mummy said quietly.

"We agreed," said Granny distinctly, "that she was to smoke the whole cigarette. You agreed to that, didn't you, Doris?" Her face was suddenly dreadful with anger, and yet Kathy did not feel that the anger was directed at her.

"Go ahead, darling."

Kathy dragged again at the cigarette. A brackish wave rose in her throat; her head swam; she flung the offensive thing at random and rushed wildly from the room.

Even after the urgency of her distress had abated, she stayed on in the bathroom. She did not want to meet her mother. It was clear that Mummy had never meant to save her.

Well, after all, that was what Daddy had meant when they saw him off at the station. "Look after my girl, won't you, Kathy?" he had said. But she hadn't counted on going as far as this.

When she finally entered her mother's room her whole body was cold. She needed to be cuddled. But Mummy was behaving very oddly, backed against the doorjamb, staring with enormous black eyes at nothing at all.

Kathy glanced at the clock. It was long past her bedtime. This overnight, normally so satisfactory,

Continuing . . . Three Cigarettes

from page 5

added to her bereft feeling. She began undressing slowly.

Was this to be a night without a bath? Putting on her pyjamas now would be an admission that the whole world was out of gear. She compromised by drawing on her dressing-gown.

"I've got to talk to Granny," Mummy said suddenly, and vanished into the dark hall. In a flash Kathy was down the hall behind her.

Mummy turned the handle of Granny's door, and the light flooded out.

"Kathy, dear, we knock before—" and then, in a biting voice, "Oh, it's you, Doris."

Mummy came to a stand in front of Granny's chair. She said in a queer, metallic voice, "You win, Mrs. Beecher. I'm going away."

"Don't dramatise, Doris. Nobody wants you to go away. This is your home."

"You hate me, Mrs. Beecher."

In the short pause Kathy stood rigid, cut off by the edge of darkness.

"Hate you! Why, you're Arch's wife."

"That's why you're delighted to be able to hate me. I'm the girl the great and glorious Archibald Beecher was too good for when he married me, and you've been piling up the evidence ever since."

Granny's face wore a look of age and dreadful sadness. She spoke with weight and precaution, as she often did to Kathy: "Wait, Doris. Why are you saying this to-night? Why are you upset?"

"You know perfectly well," Mummy said under her breath.

"If you mean about the cigarettes, I do know. Kathy could have smoked them herself in the billiard-

room. She was bringing them up to you."

Kathy, out in the hall, felt a new qualm. The whole disgusting business had been wasted. Granny had known all along.

"So I'm giving Arch and Kathy back to you. Write to Arch, tell him I smoke cigarettes on the sly. Tell him I hide behind the skirts of a nine-year-old child. It won't matter—I'll be gone."

"But Arch will be home soon, Doris. You and I shan't have to stay together much longer. Is this the time—?"

"Yes," said Mummy bleakly.

Kathy, in the outer darkness, was clenching her toes and fingers till they cracked. Never had she heard grown-ups talk like this.

FOR a moment there was silence. Then Granny said slowly: "Doris, there's one question you force me to ask you: Is there anyone else?"

Mummy reared back like a superb young animal. "Do ask me that. It's been in your mind all along."

"If there is," Granny pursued evenly, "we might as well face it. You've gone out with any man that would ask you; and this last week you've been seeing Major Carmichael every day."

Mummy alid to the floor and buried her head in her arms on the seat of an empty chair. Kathy felt nothing but a burning indignation against Granny for attacking Mummy.

"I suppose," Granny went on coldly, "it is no kindness to Arch to keep him in the dark."

WHEN MADGE BROUGHT HOME HER FIRST YOUNG MAN SHE HAD THE FAMILY HOPPING!



A horrible sound came from inside Mummy's arms. If a dog had made it you would have called it a howl. Kathy pattered into the room and curled up beside her mother's knees, awkwardly fondling her shoulders.

Even Granny was disconcerted. In a few minutes Mummy pulled herself together and lifted her head. "I wish you hadn't said, 'in the dark' Arch is going to be blind."

Granny's old hands leaped convulsively, but she forced them down. "You're hysterical! He had a head wound; but he's recovering."

"He doesn't know, Bill Carmichael, hunted me up; the doctor asked him to tell me."

Granny gave a small, aged sound, which Kathy understood. She and Granny couldn't cry, like Mummy, when crying would help.

Now, slowly, Granny fumbled for her cane, and engineered herself across the carpet to lay her hand on Mummy's bowed head.

But Mummy sat rigidly resistant. When the deformed fingers touched her she visibly flinched. That was not very nice of Mummy.

Mrs. Beecher made her way back to her chair. Re-established, she said with frigid fury, "I didn't know there was a woman in the world who would leave her husband because he was blinded in battle."

Mummy sat up stiffly.

"Not because he'll be blind. But the things I was good at—dancing and tennis and parties—Arch can't use those now. He'll be your baby. You'll feed him and read aloud to him and take him for little drives. Look here, Mrs. Beecher; those cigarettes—Being unhappy doesn't make me noble, it makes me cowardly. Rather than have a scene, I let Kathy take the blame. And that's how it would be from now on. It's your house and your money. I can't stand it any longer."

Granny in her turn bridled. "Arch left you in my care. I haven't interfered. You've had your own rooms, your own friends. You've been free to come and go. You're a married woman of thirty. Why on earth didn't you tell me you wanted to smoke? Several of my friends

"Because I'm not your friend, I'm your daughter-in-law; and I can't stand being nagged and criticised."

"Doris!"

Mummy went on wildly, "You can't forgive me, because after you'd brought up Arch your way, he liked to live my way. You spy on me. You keep the telephone at your elbow, to see if it's a man calling. When I tell you where I've been, you don't believe me. I can't have my friends here—you paralyse them. You train Kathy to be different from me. This is your chance, you say to yourself."

A muscle worked along the edge of Granny's jaw.

"When you and Kathy came here, I hoped you'd make a more mature life for yourself, and be a wife for Arch when he came back. You could have done war work, you could have trained your child. But, with the world on fire, you spent your time feeling sorry for yourself and running after pleasure. But until this evening I hoped you were sound at heart. It was when I saw the corruption spreading to Kathy—How can I promise not to interfere?"

"Apparently you weren't listening. I said I was going to give Arch and Kathy back to you. I'm leaving before you teach Arch to despise me."

Kathy's troubled stare had been awing from speaker to speaker. Some of the talk was clear, about the three cigarettes, about Mummy going away. Suddenly she found her feet.

"I never heard such crazy talking in my life," she announced loudly.

The two women looked at her in shame. They had forgotten her.

"How is Daddy going to like all this?" she stormed. "Making all kinds of stupid plans without even asking him! He'll come home all blind, and you and Granny will tell him you've fixed it up that he won't have Mummy any more. How's he going to like that, I should like to know?"

Whatever had got into her? Now she would certainly be sent to bed.

But the order didn't come. Both women were looking at her, and for some reason they were both blushing.

ON a sudden impulse Kathy said: "Do you know what I liked very much? I liked living in our own little home, and coming to Granny's for Sunday dinner."

Mummy gave a little cry.

Granny asked gravely, "You do love Arch, don't you, Doris?"

"Why else would I be going away? I want to go while I have lovely things to remember."

Granny said slowly, "Doris, why couldn't you learn to take care of your husband?"

"I've never tried."

"You've never been asked to try."

Granny said, "The Beecher family hasn't given you much of a chance, Doris. First Arch spoiled you, and then he turned you over to me; and now Kathy's taken you on. Nobody has ever demanded anything of you but safety."

"That's all I'm good for," said Mummy.

"But it's you Arch needs."

"Oh, Mrs. Beecher, I'm perfectly scatterbrained."

"All girls are scatterbrained, but most girls learn by their mistakes. We stood between you and growing up. It wasn't right. And another thing," said Granny painfully, "about those cigarettes—I was as much to blame as you. If I'd been a good mother I'd have spoken up as soon as I saw what was going on. I preferred to go on despising you."

A sort of dawn came across Mummy's face. "Do you think it would be any use trying, Mrs. Beecher, if you helped me and taught me and scolded me?"

"No," Granny exclaimed suddenly. "I can't help you that way."

The brightness ebbed from Mummy's face. Granny seemed to be thinking very hard.

"I've been a proud woman all my life, Doris," she said at length, "but I see now what I have to do. It's the hardest thing I ever did, and it's for Arch I'm doing it. It's my punishment for pride. I shall wait long enough to see Arch when he comes home; and then I shall get Dr. Spencer to order me away for the winter."

"Oh, Mrs. Beecher! You mustn't go off and leave me!"

"Yes, I must. If I were here I couldn't help interfering."

A rather wintry dimple invaded Mummy's cheek. "The two of us," she commented, "fighting for the privilege of running away from Arch because we love him so!"

"It's one or the other of us," said Granny.

Kathy was feeling assuaged. She grasped the most tangible fact out of the incomprehensible dialogue: "If Granny isn't going to be here, why don't we go to our own home?"

"Could we get it back?" Doris asked Granny eagerly.

"Arch put in a cancellation clause when he sublet it," Granny said.

The two grown-ups soared away, disavowing of leases and accounts. Kathy's head dropped, and the mantel clock gave ten peals.

"Haven't had my bath," she said.

There was a cherry-colored flurry. She heard the tap running, she felt her dressing-gown being peeled off.

The last sound that penetrated her trance was Mummy's voice, sweet and thrilling: "Look, Mrs. Beecher! She's fallen asleep in the tub, poor baby!"

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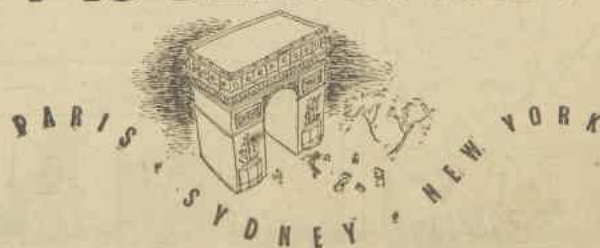
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A CHAIR

scraping on the front porch turned him to look through the lace curtain. A girl sat facing him, but not seeing him in the dim room. She was drying her hair, reading a magazine in her lap, idly brushing the long strands away from the high, childish forehead and out to the sun and breeze. Her face was delicate and untroubled and very beautiful.

The girl in the pool of sun, the light through the fan of golden hair— Dan instantly discovered what he had been looking for.

Mrs. Jacoby whammed a chord and Dan jumped. She flicked her eyes over him.

"How is it," she complained, "nice young men never happen out here except when Lola is home? Did you know Lola was home?"

"I don't even know Lola," Dan said eagerly. "But I do."

"Of course you would. And the monster won't like it. Why does she put up with him, will you tell me that? Well, I'll tell you why, she snapped. "Loyalty. Misplaced. What if there wasn't any other young person in High Grade all that time? Does that mean she has to be engaged to him?" Her black eyes gleamed.

"Come on," she said to Dan, before he had time to say anything. Glancing back, she said, "Don't you ever talk?"

Lola dropped the magazine and clutched modestly at her robe.

"How do you do, Mr. Ira?" she said. And, "Won't you . . . sit down?" Then, "Have you come far? . . . Do you like this country?"

The dialogue was pretty corny, but Dan loved it. He loved being an utter stranger and starting from scratch, on his own. He loved the voice, he loved looking at this girl. Unsophisticated, unspoiled; an angel. Absolutely natural. In all Hollywood—in all the world—there was none like her.

Dan sat in a rocking chair that lifted his feet off the floor and hurried him backward. "You have to watch that chair," Lola said, springing anxiously to his aid, not smiling; he was grateful to her for not smiling.

"A long time since I sat in a rocker," he explained. "We have them at home, in Vermont."

"Vermont?" Lola said politely. "Imagine, so far away."

"What about Virginia?" Mrs. Jacoby asked.

"Why—uh—that is, I have—there was—"

"Grandma," Lola said, "is something burning?"

Mrs. Jacoby ran nimbly into the house.

"Perfectly remarkable woman, your grandmother," Dan said. "Such vitality."

"Hasn't she?" Lola agreed warmly, and the two words chased up and down his spine like cello notes. "She wanted to be an actress. That's how I happened to be named for Lola Montez."

"You don't say," Dan said, floored. No matter where you went, actresses.

"Yes. Grandma's mother came to Grass Valley in the 'fifties and saw Montez there, and it seemed to leave a lasting impression. Since then there has always been a girl in the family named Lola"—she laughed deliciously—"and she has always been expected to go on the stage."

"Yes?" Dan encouraged fearfully.

Lola lifted the heavy cape of hair from her shoulders and let it fall. She said, "But not one of them has . . . so far."

"Why not?"

"I guess—well, they seem to get married too soon, and sort of forget."

"Not a bad idea," Dan approved. "Times have changed. I thought grandmothers didn't exactly cheer for the stage."

Lola's wide deep-fringed blue eyes rested on him thoughtfully, and he was unreasonably charmed to find in them not a trace of recognition.

"My grandmother," she said, "is different. She's been stage-struck from birth. My grandfather never knew whether he was coming home to Juliet or Mrs. Malaprop. But he always seemed happy," she mused.

"And what about you, Lola? Do you want to be an actress?"

"Not particularly," Lola was quite indifferent to it. "But grandma—"

Mrs. Jacoby came back to the porch, and sat down in another rocker. "There wasn't a thing burning," she glanced with birdlike suspicion at Lola. Then to Dan, "If you will stay to dinner, I have a real genuine Cornish pasty for you. If I do say so myself, I make a very good pasty. Now, what do you think about it?"

"Mrs. Jacoby, I shall be delighted to stay," Dan said graciously.

Mrs. Jacoby observed him narrowly. "If you want to know what I think, young man, here is some advice for you. Go and get a job as an actor. You'd make a good actor—a real good actor. You remind me quite a lot of that young Stewart—James Stewart, isn't it? I read about him some place."

Dan almost went over backwards again.

"Oh, grandma," Lola said, "Ira here doesn't look one bit like an actor." Aside, she added: "She tells that to everybody."

"Lola not everybody. I never told Handsome that."

"Handsome, grandma."

"And I never will. That—that monster."

A large, important-looking car tore up the road, honking imperiously. Grandma watched the approach morosely. "The traffic is certainly terrible to-day," she said. "Two cars."

Out of the car climbed a big, superbly confident fellow wearing a double-breasted manner and carrying a long florist's box. Reaching the porch, he picked up Mrs. Jacoby and swung her around with a hearty "Hi there, gammy, old girl. Howsa rugged pioneer woman? At-a-girl!"

Dropping grandma, he shoved the box at Lola, saying, "Hi there, baby. Howsa gorgeous girl? Howsa vacation? I just heard you were here. Got a kiss for your ole pal, your ole childhood sweetheart? . . . Ah."

Dan went over to the porch swing

Continuing . . . High Grade

from page 7

she's so shy. And how did you leave little ole Hollywood?"

Hollywood! Dan gasped. What did the drip mean, Hollywood? He melted into the vine shadows, but the sharp eyes of Hanson sorted him out.

"Hello," Hanson said mildly. "Who's this?"

Iniced tones, grandma said, "This is my old friend, Mr. Ira. You must have heard me mention Mr. Ira, the big cotton-grower from Virginia. Mr. Hanson Clapp . . . Mr. Ira."

"Mr. Clapp," Dan repeated, extending a reluctant hand. Mr. Clapp grasped it with the obvious intention of crushing every bone, but Dan was one jump ahead of him.

Hanson put his hand into his pocket and exercised it with tenderness, regarding Mr. Ira with frank and open malevolence. "Haven't I seen you some place before?" he asked accusingly.

"Well, possibly, but not behind bars, if that's what you mean," Dan smiled.

Hanson transferred his attention to Lola. "We will wait, dear," he

and sat beside Lola. "So you're going to be an actress," he said.

"I don't know," she said honestly. "Then you'll never be one," Dan told her. "You have to know. You have to want to be an actress, to be one."

"I've often suspected that," Lola said. "But Grandma has spent so much money on dramatic school, I just have to. Grandma is very determined. You may have noticed. She taught me Juliet's wherefore-art-thou-Romeo at the age of four, and gave me dancing lessons. It is—well, hard to explain. It reminds me of the way grandpa looked for gold. She has stage fever the way he had gold fever."

Dan reached timidly and took Lola's hand. Dan was the lad who played a pipino-hot love scene with Keti La-Barr, but he held Lola's hand reverently and with a certain awkwardness.

"Look, Lola. Tell me something. Think hard now, before you answer. If—there had been two boys in High Grade while you grew up, would you be engaged to Hanson?"

Lola considered. "Well, that depends."

"Depends on what?" Dan asked.

"On who was the other one," Lola murmured.

"Suppose—just suppose, for instance, I was the other one."

"Why, I imagine, in that case—"

Footsteps approached. Lola retrieved her hand. In the doorway, Hanson bellowed "Dinner!" like a threat.

"—in that case," Lola finished quickly, "grandma would still need an actress, to make things come out even." She fled into the house.

Every time Dan looked up from his pasty to Lola, she glanced away quickly towards Hanson, who looked dimly like a man who had bad news from the bank and was keeping up his courage with frozen assets.

Grandma Jacoby put on as beautiful a performance as Dan ever hoped to see of an indestructible matriarch at the head of her table, whose children bowed to her inflexible will, who held their destinies in the palm of a wise but forbearing old hand. Dan relished all the nuances, the little professional touches she gave it. Her timing was a constant delight.

He considered himself to have good judgment in such things, and one day he intended to stop acting and be a director. On the other hand, Lola, that her grandmother should be ambitious for Lola to act was really pitiful. Lola was just a simple, natural, lovely little girl, and that's all Lola ever could be.

Dan waited impatiently for the right moment to present his colossal daring proposition. Hanson was the obstacle, and Hanson removed it, obligingly. After dinner, grandma ushered them into the parlor for music. She had hardly begun an attack on the piano before Hanson fell sound asleep.

"Music hath charms," grandma whispered. "Let's go for a walk."

They walked up the centre of the wide road between the young-leaved trees. Dan took grandma's hand on one side, Lola's on the other.

"Grandma," Dan said, "how would you like to go to Hollywood?"

"Why, I would simply love it," grandma said, "of course. And I shall be there for Lola's first picture—the big premiere . . . Oh, you mean how would I like to go there right now?"

"Right now," Dan said, drawing a deep breath. "How would you like to be an actress, Grandma Jacoby?"

"Ira, you know perfectly well I would love nothing better," grandma said. "How would you like to be President?"

"Well, I could try," Dan laughed, "but your chances are much better. Will you go back with me and find out?"

Dan went over to the porch swing

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Dan waited impatiently for the right moment to present his colossal daring proposition. Hanson was the obstacle, and Hanson removed it, obligingly. After dinner, grandma ushered them into the parlor for music. She had hardly begun an attack on the piano before Hanson fell sound asleep.

"Music hath charms," grandma whispered. "Let's go for a walk."

They walked up the centre of the wide road between the young-leaved trees. Dan took grandma's hand on one side, Lola's on the other.

"Grandma," Dan said, "how would you like to go to Hollywood?"

"Why, I would simply love it," grandma said, "of course. And I shall be there for Lola's first picture—the big premiere . . . Oh, you mean how would I like to go there right now?"

"Right now," Dan said, drawing a deep breath. "How would you like to be an actress, Grandma Jacoby?"

"Ira, you know perfectly well I would love nothing better," grandma said. "How would you like to be President?"

"Well, I could try," Dan laughed, "but your chances are much better. Will you go back with me and find out?"

Dan went over to the porch swing

and sat beside Lola. "So you're going to be an actress," he said.

"I don't know," she said honestly. "Then you'll never be one," Dan told her. "You have to know. You have to want to be an actress, to be one."

"I've often suspected that," Lola said. "But Grandma has spent so much money on dramatic school, I just have to. Grandma is very determined. You may have noticed. She taught me Juliet's wherefore-art-thou-Romeo at the age of four, and gave me dancing lessons. It is—well, hard to explain. It reminds me of the way grandpa looked for gold. She has stage fever the way he had gold fever."

Dan reached timidly and took Lola's hand. Dan was the lad who played a pipino-hot love scene with Keti La-Barr, but he held Lola's hand reverently and with a certain awkwardness.

"Look, Lola. Tell me something. Think hard now, before you answer. If—there had been two boys in High Grade while you grew up, would you be engaged to Hanson?"

Lola considered. "Well, that depends."

"Depends on what?" Dan asked.

"On who was the other one," Lola murmured.

"Suppose—just suppose, for instance, I was the other one."

"Why, I imagine, in that case—"

Footsteps approached. Lola retrieved her hand. In the doorway, Hanson bellowed "Dinner!" like a threat.

"—in that case," Lola finished quickly, "grandma would still need an actress, to make things come out even." She fled into the house.

Every time Dan looked up from his pasty to Lola, she glanced away quickly towards Hanson, who looked dimly like a man who had bad news from the bank and was keeping up his courage with frozen assets.

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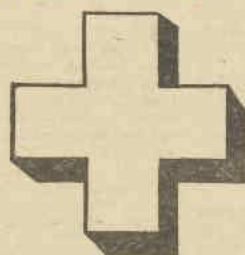
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S.O.S.

BRITISH RED CROSS RELIEF PLAN

Help



YOUR **RED CROSS**

IN ITS APPEAL FOR:—

FOOD

Tinned Milk
Tinned Meat
Tinned Fruit
Tinned Vegetables
Tinned Cheese
Tinned Soup
Tinned Cocoa

CLOTHING

Warm Clothes
Useable (repaired)
Preferably Dry-
Cleaned and Ready-
To-Wear FOR:
Men, Women and
Children.

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

● Daughters demanding that they be allowed to use lipstick and powder while they are still at school set a problem that puzzles many mothers, who feel lost without any precedent from their own youth to guide them.

Some probably remember incidents of their own school days when adult reaction to isolated and daring experiments in complexion "improvement" with the aid of red chalk or moistened red paper was sheer horror.

THE writer of the letter below is just one of the many mothers who find themselves in the same quandary.

They want to be kind and understanding, yet are unable to bring themselves to accept a practice that was frowned on in their own youth.

"MY schoolgirl daughter assures me that it is quite usual for girls in the senior classes to use powder, and, during the week-ends and holidays, lipstick. I know times have changed, but just cannot bring myself to allow my child to use powder and color her lips at 14. She is in revolt, and our usually happy home is split over this question."

Whether we like it or not, times have changed. A problem which scarcely existed 20 years ago is a very real one to-day.

Senior girls at most schools do use discreetly a light dusting of powder and, when they are out of uniform, a touch of lipstick.

Most of them have their parents' consent.

Schoolgirl complexions are notoriously unreliable, and a fine coating

of good-quality powder is frequently a great improvement, as well as a morale builder.

The ambition of almost every girl is to be as exactly like her contemporaries as possible. The senior schoolgirl whose friends are allowed the privilege of using simple cosmetics and who is denied them herself may feel awkward and self-conscious as a result, and think that her mother has shown a lack of sympathy and understanding.

For week-ends and holidays I can see no actual harm in a teen-age girl being allowed to use lipstick discreetly. Most of the girls I see playing tennis, skating, and film-going in their holidays still manage to look very young and sweet and charming.

However, your daughter is only 14, and perhaps it would be wise to ask her to wait another year or two before using it.

Suggest that she use a colorless one instead which will prevent her lips cracking and help her appearance considerably.

"A BOY I work with has twice asked me to marry him. Although I love him I didn't say 'yes' because he drinks, and when

we have dates is often late. This makes me think he must be bored."

I think you are being unduly sensitive. Men aren't usually bored with girls they ask to marry them. Being late is probably no more than a bad habit. The drinking is far more serious. Unless this boy is willing to drink in moderation, I can't see him making a good husband. You would be wise to wait.

"UNTIL I met a strong-willed man eight years my senior, who has almost convinced me that it is he I love, I was happily in love with a soldier only 12 months older than myself who wants me to become engaged. Is the eight years' difference in the ages of the first man and myself too great?"

I don't think eight years' difference in age is necessarily too great. But I wouldn't let myself be persuaded into anything too hurriedly. Has this older man said anything about wanting to marry you? At least you appear to be assured of the sincere intentions of his younger rival.

"WE are wheatgrowers, and my people are opposed to a girl I am fond of, because she comes from a nearby town. She is 17 and I am 25. She has said that she is willing to come out to the property, and has known me since she was a schoolgirl."

If you are fond of this girl, you are quite old enough to ask her to become engaged. Apparently she is very fond of you. There is no reason why she should not make a good wife to a farmer because she comes from a country town.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen-friendships may not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 498WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"AT a twenty-first birthday party is it correct for the parents to act as host and hostess, receiving the guests, or is the hostess the girl celebrating her birthday? When should the presentation of the key be made?"

The parents are entertaining in honor of the 21st birthday of their daughter; although not actually the hostess, it is her place to move among all guests, making herself pleasant and receiving their congratulations on her coming-of-age. With her parents, she should greet guests upon their arrival. When a key is presented, it is usually done at supper, after an appropriate speech by an old friend of the family.

"FOR health reasons my brother-in-law lives with my husband and myself in the country. He pays no board, never helps me in the house, and, in fact, is very rude to me personally, though he sometimes helps my husband. I have put up with his rudeness for over 12 months. Would I be justified in complaining to his mother, asking him to leave, or should I leave myself?"

Someone should tell this young man that if he is not prepared to be civil and pleasant in the house he must go elsewhere. Probably his mother is the best person to do it.

so write to her. The idea of you vacating your home in his favor is not to be considered.

"MUST my fiancé, brother (who is best man), and father wear grey suits to my afternoon wedding, or could they wear navy-blue lounge suits?"

Lounge suits of a dark color are correct for the groom, best man, and father of the bride. With these the groom and best man usually wear a white flower in the buttonhole.

"DO I have to wait until I am 18 to train to be a nurse? I am 15, and would like to know whom I should approach in Sydney. I live at Uralla, N.S.W."

You cannot legally begin training as a nurse until you are 18, but some hospitals take cadet nurses at an earlier age. The matron of the Balmain District Hospital or the St. George District Hospital, Sydney, will give you details of this system, if you write to them. You might also approach the matron of the New England and Armidale Hospital, nearer your own home.

If you have not passed your Intermediate Examination, you will have to sit for a Nurses' Entrance Examination, details of which are supplied by the Nurses Registration Board, 52 Bridge St., Sydney.

They can't keep their eyes off that lovely

PERSIL DAZZLE!



DAD'S NO GLAMOUR GUY

but his Persil dazzle shirt puts even the boss in the shade! It's white . . . dazzling white . . . the whitest white of all. That's because Persil's oxygen-charged suds really send dirt racing — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . BUT ALL of it.

MRS. NEXT-DOOR ISN'T NATURALLY NOSEY

but Mum's Persil dazzle has her daffy! "Try it", chuckles Mum. "Persil's aces for coloureds—even pastel under-pretties wash up all gay and glamour-ful. Yes ma'am, next best to my hubby I love Persil Dazzle".

EVEN GRANDPA

has an eye for Persil dazzle. It's easy to make all your coloured prints gay and sweet as a rainbow cake. For coloureds washed in Persil are brightest because they're cleanest.

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the Persil dazzle in all your wash.

You too can have that **PERSIL DAZZLE!**



Nothing Like a Husband

Continued from page 9

Sally pranced home in her new shoes, donned her rousseau nightie, climbed into bed with an exciting new novel, and, all in all, felt pretty amug.

Before another three months had elapsed, however, Sally discovered that she had got rid of one emotional problem to make room for a worse one.

As a jilted girl she had been desirable to no man. As a pretty young matron with a husband out of reach on the high seas, she found herself desirable to all. All that is, except the marrying men. For marrying men are nice men, and they remove themselves, with a sigh and a shrug, from the presence of temptation—when it is in the form of The Girl Who Is Not Free.

As far the other kind, they refused to remove themselves at all.

In a desperate attempt to rectify a bad mistake, Sally decided to shed her wedding ring after office hours. The first time she tried this—at a dance—and just as a delightful young man was telling her he believed in settling down early, Jill (who was supposed to be out of town) walked into the ballroom. As though drawn by a magnet, her smilg eye fell upon Sally's left hand.

Sally fled to the cloakroom, where Jill pursued her and gave her one of her fur-your-own-good lectures on the sanctity of marriage. Pink and flustered, Sally replaced her rings and spent the rest of the evening watching the delightful young man, properly offended, consoling himself with a sultry brunette.

That was not all. One afternoon, as Sally was leaving Mr. Blessing's room with her notebook, he called her back.

"Oh, Miss Porter—I mean, Mrs. Aramis," he smiled at her benevolently. "I'm working out my employees' income tax, and it occurred to me, now you are married, certain readjustments will have to be made. I shall notify them, of course, of your change of name, and—"

"Oh," Sally said faintly. Much to her surprise, her legs still supported her. "Oh, the income tax. I hadn't thought—"

She clutched desperately at a passing straw. "I don't think my marriage will affect in any way the tax deducted from my salary here."

"Probably not," Mr. Blessing remained maddeningly cheerful, "but we don't want to find ourselves in prison, do we, ha-ha. Better get it all clear, just to be on the safe side."

Sally went home feeling as she imagined Marie Antoinette felt on the eve of her execution. What a fool she had been! Identity cards, ration books, taxation forms—such little things had never entered her idiotic head.

There was, of course, only one solution—to confess all to Mr. Blessing in a letter, and trust that, from the goodness of his heart, he would help her out of this ridiculous muddle. Sally sat down at her desk and took the cap off her pen. Then the door-bell rang.

An elderly man stood outside, gazing doubtfully at the printed card, which read "Miss Sally Porter," attached below the number-plate.

"This is number fifteen?"

Sally smiled encouragingly. "Yes, it is."

"Oh," He peered again at the card. "This says Sally Porter. I am looking for Mrs. Nicholas Aramis. Are you—"

Sally went crimson and remained dumb. This aroused the gentleman's suspicions. He advanced a foot firmly into the doorway. "Are you Miss Sally Porter, or Mrs. Nicholas Aramis, or known by both names, or what?"

"Well, I am and I'm not. Th—th— that I—"

"Answer me!" the visitor thundered. "Are you or are you not Mrs. Aramis?"

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 3, 1947

Sally's eyes rolled wildly for a means of escape. For the benefit of her landlord she had left her single name on the door. For the benefit of Cora and Jill she explained she did this to assist the tradespeople.

"Well," the thunderous voice demanded again. "Are you Mrs. Aramis?"

Sally gulped. "Well—yes—in a way."

"Ah! Then allow me," the visitor removed his hat and executed a courtly bow, "to introduce myself. I am Nicholas Aramis—your husband." He whisked a card from his pocket, thrust it into Sally's hand, and stalked past her into the flat.

She stared at the card. Incredulously. It informed her that this was Admiral Sir Nicholas Aramis, K.C.B., D.S.O., and that he resided at St. Charles' Chambers, Caversham Gore, South Kensington.

Sally rushed into the flat. Sir Nicholas had installed himself in a menacing attitude before her fireplace.

"But—" she faltered, idiotically. "but you can't be! You're so—so very elderly!"

He was. His shoulders were straight, his back like a ramrod, his chest round as a pouter pigeon's. He was impeccably dressed in black coat and striped trousers. But despite all this, despite the gay red rose in his buttonhole, the piercing blue eyes, he was very, very old.

Sir Nicholas bridled. "I shall be

So he jumps to conclusions—"Sir Nicholas paused to breathe more fire, "and what do I get?"

Sally paled. "I can't imagine, Sir Nicholas."

The retired admiral went puce round the ears.

"I get—at my club, of all places—an idiotically sentimental letter congratulating me on my marriage. And a parcel containing a perfectly frightful imitation Wedgwood vase. Me! A widower for thirty-three years, and eighty in November. So I wire the old nincompoop and ask him to find out from this writing female the maiden name of the woman supposed to be my wife—tactfully, of course, without arousing her suspicions. And there you are!"

He glared fiercely at Sally. "And now, young woman, I'd like an explanation before I contact the police. I presume your little game is blackmail—thought an old man would be too scared of publicity, and cough up the necessary just to keep you quiet. You'll be unlucky. A flea could barely live on my pension. Come on, now. Let's have it."

Sally burst into tears. Her sohs increased to such volume that the naval gentleman became alarmed. He marched stiffly across and patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"For heaven's sake don't cry! Can't stand women crying. You don't look like a criminal—you look like a deuced pretty girl. Always had a soft spot for pretty girls—" his eyes brightened, taking on a faraway aspect. "Look—tell me the whole story. I know the truth when I hear it. If your explanation is good—I'll take no proceedings."

Sally gulped, and plunged into her story. Right from the very beginning; from Peter down to taxation forms.

"A pretty mess," Sir Nicholas observed. "Just shows you—what I've always said is right. Women should never move a yard without a keeper. Still, you were in a deuced awkward predicament, with your meddlin' friends. It's queer that you picked on my name. I wonder why?"

There was a long silence. Sally looked up, and leaped to her feet in alarm. Sir Nicholas had shrivelled into his chair. He looked yellow and unhappy and every second of his eighty years. "You're ill!" Sally cried. She ran to the kitchen and came back with a glass of water.

Sir Nicholas sipped appreciatively.

"Thank you, m'dear. I'm not—really ill. I'm just—oh, I don't know why I bothered to come here at all. I don't care if a thousand women use my name—at my age, such things are unimportant. I suppose—" he smiled at Sally so wanly that a sob rose in her throat. "I suppose I came just for something to do. I'm so worried—and lonely. Could go to the club, of course. But can't stand the chaps there—they mean well, of course—being sorry for me."

Sally took his hand, as cold as ice, in hers. "Tell me—" she said, softly.

Sir Nicholas cleared his throat. "My son John was killed in 1916—all the men in our family are Navy. I know. His son, Richard, was born three months afterwards. Stella, John's wife, didn't come through. Just as well, maybe, for her heart was broken by John's death. I brought up Richard. I was all he had—and he was my entire world." He looked at Sally, bleakly.

"Richard's ship went down off Japan. They say there's just a chance he was picked up—but it's so long now, and everybody else has been accounted for." He broke off, his voice faltering. Abruptly he rose to his feet.

"I want to thank you, Miss Porter, for being so kind to a tiresome old crab—but I must not detain you any longer."

Sally pushed him gently back into the chair. "You are staying to dinner, Sir Nicholas. Please—I insist!"

Please turn to page 39

Needlework Notions

No. 849—SNUG LITTLE BUTTON-UP OVERCOAT

Give joy to your little girl or boy this winter by making up this super little coat. It is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in Casora woollen material. It is in princess style in colors of blue, fawn, and grey. If you wish to line the coat, cut your lining to the same pattern as the coat.

Sizes are 2 to 4 years, 17/11 (6 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 18/6 (6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 19/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 10d. extra.



No. 850—LOVELY LUNCHEON SET

Make this artistically designed set for a friend's trousseau. It is traced ready for you to embroider, on sheer white cotton. The set is quick and easy to work and will look most attractive in one color or alternatively in two or three colors. It consists of a centre mat 20 by 11in., 4 place mats 11 by 7in., and 4 serviettes 11 by 11in. Set is available in white only.

Price: Centre mat 1/11 each, place mats 1/- each, serviettes 1/- each. Full set, 8/11. Postage 6d.



Fashion Frock Service

"CYNTHIA"—Feminine and Charming

Fascinating little bodysuit to team with "Constance." It comes in rayon floral satin. The colors: Sky-blue with small pink roses, tiny blue daisies, and green leaves. Peach with small pink roses, tiny blue daisies, and green leaves. Ki-green with small pink roses, tiny blue and white daisies, and green leaves.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 31/8 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 34/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 22/8 (6 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 25/8 (6 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.



"CONSTANCE"—Glamorously Lovely

You'd be a sleeping beauty in this loveliest of nightgowns. It is in softly feminine rayon floral satin, and has a deep V-neckline which meets the high-pointed bias-cut skirt, narrow ties at waistline ensure a comfortable fit. The colors: Sky-blue with small pink roses, tiny blue daisies, and green leaves. Peach with small pink roses, tiny blue daisies, and green leaves. Ki-green with small pink roses, tiny blue and white daisies, and green leaves.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 48/6 (11 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 51/11 (11 coupons). Postage, 1/3s extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 36/11 (11 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 39/11 (11 coupons). Postage, 1/3s extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Cynthia" and "Constance" please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should:

* Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in block letters.

* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.

* State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

INTERSTATE OFFICES:

Send your order to these addresses:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be obtained at our office or by post.

DUST MASTER BROOMS

Owing to an error in a color page advertisement for Dust Master Brooms in The Australian Women's Weekly issue of April 19, the price shown was for the broom, complete with handle.

This should have read: "Prices complete without handle are 14/11 and 18/9."

"Of Course WE ALL WEAR Morley's!"



"A cold, draughty office makes me glad of my Morley's. They're warm and comfy—and so easy to wash."



"Gee, you should feel the draught in our classroom—plenty of the kids have got colds. But not me—I wear Morley's—they're good!"



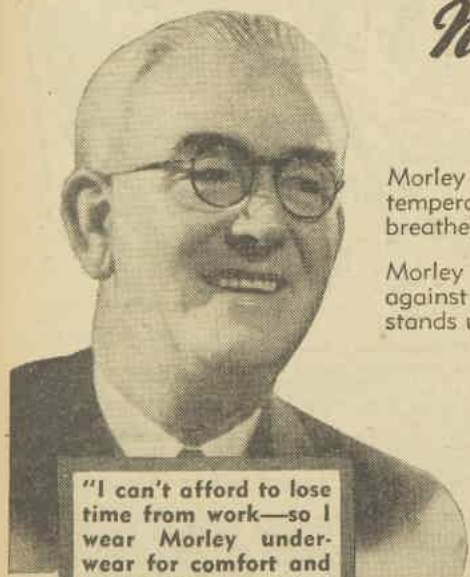
"With a cold house, and draughty shops and trams, there's always risk of a cold—so I wear Morley's for warmth and protection."

*No Colds...
thanks to Morley's*

Morley "KANTSHRINK" woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.

Morley "VELNIT" interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit—and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

Always look for the name
MORLEY
On Underwear



"I can't afford to lose time from work—so I wear Morley underwear for comfort and protection against colds."



"VELNIT" INTER-LOCK COTTON for Soft Non-Irritating Comfort.



"KANTSHRINK" WOOLLENS for Cozy Warmth ARE GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE.

I. & R. MORLEY Pty. Ltd., Ballarat, Victoria

N. 1061

Animal, Vegetable or Mineral...

By AINSLIE BAKER

WITH winter nights closing rapidly in on us, happy hostesses are once more sharpening their pencils in anticipation of cosy pencil-and-paper games round the fire.

I have never shared this folksy enthusiasm for 100 words beginning with G, or place names ending in HIO, but as a long-suffering guest I am now acclimatised to it.

Roughly, my winter nights are meretriciously divided into three periods: mental exercises, feats of memory, and games where everyone laughs at some point I don't see.

Pretending you see the joke doesn't work. The more you feign unperturbed mirth, the more obvious it is to everyone else that you haven't a clue on earth what you're laughing about.

This is where I always score heavily as a good sport—true blue, and the girl most likely to succeed as an Aunt Sally.

Personally, I haven't a thing against spending the best part of the evening compiling lists of historical characters who had their heads cut off, but do I draw the line at getting frown-wrinkles from the exertion of remembering an artist, author, and Prime Minister whose names all begin with D.

Playing dumb, and naming only two great men who wrote masterpieces while in gaol doesn't pay. In-

stead of sinking into ignorant obscurity, I find the searchlight of public interest morbidly centred on me.

Next thing I know, someone has volunteered to HELP.

There is always someone who not only delights in whipping up lists of staggering length for himself, but wants to help other people do so.

But these happy pastimes are only the beginning of a really cheery night of pencil-and-paper games. We haven't come to Consequences yet.

Soon we are all knocking ourselves out trying to be original about "where they met."

Who am I?

AND when the laughter from that has died down, someone suggests that I go out of the room while the others decide what historical, fictional, or living character I'll be when I come back.

I take this as the green or go light for the Aunt Sally period.

By asking a series of leading questions to which the answer is "yes" or "no," I'm likely to find out sooner or later that I'm representing Scarlett O'Hara and Humphrey Bogart.

This is called "Who am I?" and is terribly funny to everybody but me—to whom "Who am I?" is indeed the ten-and-sixpenny question.

Games like "Who Am I?" are claimed by hostesses to be banishers of inhibitions and self-consciousness. But to the really inhibited guest they're banishers of oneself from any future gatherings at which they're likely to be played.

Window Shopping is played next, and here I have the chance to make



The inevitable tray appears.

a darned fool of myself by forgetting that George bought Anna a Pekingese dog, and saying instead that he bought her a pair of pink-striped pyjamas.

But the laughter resulting from this innocent impropriety doesn't stop the "I pride myself on my memory" bore from romping through the whole story of who bought what and whom it was bought for.

The successful conclusion of Window Shopping encourages my hostess to disappear for five minutes and come back with a tray stacked with unrelated articles, culled mostly from the kitchen and workbox.

We are allowed to look at these for 60 seconds, and then we're ex-

pected to write down the names of as many as we can remember.

I lead off by writing thimble, scissors, and autumn—not because I could remember having seen them, but because experience has taught me they're among the first articles any hostess thinks of.

I couldn't really imagine that I actually saw a foot-rule and bottle-opener, but, for want of being able to recall anything else, I put those down, too.

That just about tidied up the feast of memory angle.

From that little diversion we almost automatically pass on to Charades.

This time it isn't so much fun for those left in the room, and having taken 18 minutes to find out that I was Betty Grable, I am not asked to assist in acting out the name of a book or a memorable episode.

When whispers and suppressed giggles come from the other side of the closed door, I realise that I'm holding the wrong end of the stick again.

But all is not over. I am to have my second chance.

Perhaps to make up for thinking of fewer great composers who died in poverty than anyone else, I am asked to jangle two pennies together while someone is guided by this form of "hot or cold" to a certain object in the room.

I regard this episode as the high-sign that the night is drawing to its close.

Any time now after one or two more games where someone is sent out of the room and comes back ignorant of what has been cooked up for them in their absence, someone will say that, good gracious, we haven't played Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral yet. Whoever heard of a winter night without dear old Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral?

No one has, and, of course, we play it.

Only it's harder now, with things like atomic bombs and Ration KE.

There's bed and a hot-water bottle ahead, and blessed freedom from drawing tails on pigs I can't see and guessing at the sex of a fictional character who liked apple dump-

plings. Intoxicated by this thought, I suggest that maybe it's uranium, and end the evening in an undeserved blaze of glory.

Nothing Like a Husband

Continued from page 37

—well, that kept me afloat. I thought, 'You've got to get back, Nicholas Richard Aramis, for his sake.' That's what I kept saying."

Sally paused, her mouth open. "Did you say—Nicholas Richard Aramis?"

"Yes. Frightful, isn't it? That's why, in civilised society, I'm known as Richard. It's the only thing, incidentally, over which the old man and I have had a stand-up row—and I won."

Sally began to giggle, weakly. "Do you believe in the long arm—the very long arm—of coincidence?"

He frowned. "Can't say I do. Why?"

"Oh—nothing."

When Sally returned with the coffee Richard was seated in the armchair as though he had been using it for years and intended to use it a good many more. He sprang up and pulled the little table between them. They sat facing each other, and something queer was happening in Sally's heart. Queer—and sweet.

"If—" Richard began, tentatively,

"If you're not engaged this evening, Miss Porter, I was wondering if you'd like to see a show, or a flick, or something. Grandfather says you were so nice to him, and I—it isn't as though we were strangers, is it?"

"No," Sally said demurely, "we're not strangers. I'd love to—see a flick, or something."

"That's grand," Richard smiled, then said earnestly, "I'm not just doing this for the old boy, incidentally. Not altogether. Which reminds me, I haven't given you his message. I haven't the faintest idea what he means, but he said you'd understand. He asked me to give you these roses, and to say—"

Sally took them, burying her face in their hot-house fragrance.

"What?"

"To say—third time lucky, Sally!"

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

IT was the strangest evening of Sally's life. She put her own troubles out of her mind and concentrated completely on her visitor. She changed into her prettiest dress, she laid the table with her best china, she played records to him, she let him talk about his grandson, she even managed to make him laugh a little. When it was ten o'clock and he was ready to go, Sally kissed him.

"How," Sir Nicholas faltered, "how can I thank you?"

"I should be thanking you—"

Suddenly all Sally's troubles came rushing back upon her. "Oh, I think I must be the stupidest girl in the world! I've made two idiotic mistakes—first Peter—then this nonsense about a husband—and they say everything goes in threes!"

The old man smiled. "Perhaps—this time—it will be something pleasant. Good night, my dear child—and bless you."

Mr. Blessing's answer to Sally's confessing letter arrived by special messenger, and Mr. Blessing was, of course, amazed, staggered, a little horrified, but nevertheless inclined to be helpful.

The message read: "If you drop the use of this assumed name immediately, I cannot see there will be any legal complications. It is obvious, Miss Porter, that for many weeks you have been FAR FROM WELL, and therefore we must all make allowances. I suggest you take a month's complete rest—enclosed please find cheque for four weeks' salary in advance—and when you return to the office I can vouch that my staff will behave with the utmost discretion."

Sally looked at the cheque and shed a few weak, self-pitying tears.

Once again Sally embarked on a holiday. She went for long walks,



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By Wep



WISTFUL APPEAL in the eyes of Rene Ray, dramatic film actress before the war, is partly responsible for her British screen comeback at the age of 30. She is starring with Trevor Howard and Sally Gray in "Deep End."

Rene Ray returns to screen in "Deep End"

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

This week I was having hamburger steak garnished with woodchip macaroni and other trivia a la British austerity, when a waitress came up to the film lady with whom I shared this ersatz diet and said naively but charmingly, "Excuse me, please—but aren't you somebody famous?"

Rene Ray, who has a great claim to that, only you would not think so, blushed, opened her saucer eyes wide, and replied wildly, "Oh, no! I don't think so—er—you may have seen me in a film or two."

YET we were celebrating the rare distinction that Rene Ray has become a film star for the second time in one life.

In addition, a book she wrote in the doldrums between her first era of stardom and her second rise to stellar height has been published with huge success.

A cable from Hollywood lay in Rene's handbag which ran: "Waiter Wanger extremely interested in buying 'Wraxton Marne.' James Mason being approached reference leading role. Please cable verdict immediately."

Two other Hollywood companies are bidding for her signature on long-term contracts, and Rene is currently busy starting with Trevor

Howard and Sally Gray in "Deep End."

"You can't tell me the film world isn't crazy after that," said Rene, nibbling at a dish which masqueraded on the menu as Vienna steak and whose next of kin, like my choice, was a rissole.

"Here I have been waiting five years for just one thing to turn up and suddenly everything happens at once again."

"In 1939 I was in Hollywood and Joan Fontaine had just beaten me in the final screen test for her great part in 'Rebecca.'"

"My film salary averaged £250 sterling a week, and I came home when war broke out to find British filmland in chaos."

"Nobody knew whether film-making was going to cease completely."

"There were certainly no roles offering. I haunted studio after studio and was told the same thing: 'Nothing doing.'"

"I sadly misused my agent, Fred Brisson, who is Rosalind Russell's husband and son of Carl Brisson, and a wonderful manager. The next agent I got seemed devoted to getting parts for his actress wife."

Everybody seemed to have forgotten that this little wisp of a thing had caused a sensation with her role in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," had acted in more than 80 British films and plays, and scored great successes with Anton Walbrook in "The Rat" and in "The Stranger" with Conrad Veidt.

Douglas Fairbanks, jun., who still writes to Rene, signs himself "Your greatest fan."

Conrad Veidt called her "The Eyes," and said she had the loveliest eyes in the world.

Immediately before the war Hollywood producer William K. Menzies bracketed her among the five greatest actresses in the world.

A wistful appeal rather like Celia Johnson's and an air of frailness cover the gallantry and great determination which are the most important reasons for Rene's comeback to stardom in Britain.

She lives in a lovely rambling Tudor mansion where her father, an inventor, potters with his latest gadgets; is still not married at 30 because she "hasn't found the right man yet."

"Anyhow, I haven't had time to marry," she said.

"As soon as I found I could not get back to Hollywood and British producers did not want me, I sat down at home and said: 'Rene, my girl, you can paint, sing, write, and drive a car. What's it to be?'"

"I pecked away slowly at my typewriter, lit a cigarette, and suddenly an idea began to flow."

"I shook the stardust out of my eyes and settled down to write a novel—and smoked 10,000 cigarettes before I finished it!"

"It is called 'Wraxton Marne' and is all about a young girl who works in a country house and has a sinister talent for wrecking people's lives."

"When it came out late last year reviewers liked it, and now I have cabled my agent to go ahead and negotiate with Mr. Wanger."

"My part in 'Deep End' is quite interesting—I am a rather shabby smalltime chorus girl married to a blackmarketeer who gets mixed up in the affairs of convict Trevor Howard, who is hiding from justice."

"All the old tricks of film technique I learned so patiently as a very young and very ambitious girl are coming back to me now."

At 15 Rene was earning £600 sterling a year in her first film job, which came after she had played in a number of crowd scenes. Her first big break came with a part in "Two White Arms."

"Now at thirty I had to be rediscovered all over again," she commented. "The amazing thing about talent scouts is that they will pass by many a familiar face in search of a new one."

"Discovery of a new star brings them much more credit than the rediscovery of an old one."

"So acting in more than 80 films and plays was a handicap I had to disguise when I fought to make my comeback."



NEWLY-WEDS Van Johnson and wife Evie (formerly Mrs. Keenan Wynn) stepping out recently at a Hollywood nightclub. Since their marriage they have lived quietly, and there is rumor that Evie is expecting the stork.

Van Johnson receives offer to play in team

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

VAN JOHNSON has developed a new enthusiasm for baseball and is frequently seen working out with a semi-professional team at Santa Monica.

He is now so good that he has been asked to join the team as pitcher, but the freckle-faced Metro star had to decline regrettably, as his picture commitments forbid it.

LANA TURNER, much disguised with her short, dark hair and fringe, was seen at a broadcast with Tyrone Power, so apparently romance still blooms. Tyrone is back after 104 days before the cameras in Mexico for the Fox film, "Captain From Castile."

THE oldest lady on the screen at the moment is Agnes Moorhead, now playing a grandmother of 103 for the Wanger film, "The Lost Moment."

"Buddy Westmore spent three and a half hours making me up for the part this morning, so I have to arrive at the make-up department at five-thirty now to be on the set at nine," she said.

NIMBLE-FOOTED Gene Kelly was stuck on top of a huge wardrobe trunk dangling from a crane thirty feet above ground for more than twenty minutes recently. The gears jammed while Kelly was rehearsing a new spectacular guinea number for his next film, "The Pirate."

Film Review

★ THE MIGHTY MCGURK

THIS film by Metro varies little from the basic theme of all Wallace Beery pictures, with the overgrown Puck's bad boy cast as a bragging ex-champion fighter and no-hoper who haunts a Bowery saloon round about the 1890's.

His gradual regeneration runs true to form also, with the help of little Dean Stockwell as Nipper, a romantic slant provided by Mamie (Aline MacMahon), and the Salvation Army's final moral victory over the saloons. Finales has a stirring street fight between the forces of right and wrong, which has plenty of excitement—Capitol; showing.

CECIL DE MILLE is thoughtfully studying several batches of muscular he-men photographs for a possible Samson to star in his forthcoming "Samson and Delilah" film.

COMEDIENNE Cass Daley has added to her already extensive real estate holdings. She is now negotiating to buy a 165-acre ranch, complete with private burial grounds, near Lake Elizabeth, 60 miles from Hollywood. The burial grounds go with the ranch—otherwise the present owners won't sell.

SUAVE Anthony Quinn was amused by his small daughter's reactions when she saw him on the screen for the first time recently. After watching the film for several minutes, four-year-old Christina piped up to her mother: "Why doesn't daddy come down and sit with us?"

PARAMOUNT property man Bob Goodstein had to find a way to make cooked ducks float for a scene in a swimming pool recently. He got over the difficulty by stuffing the ducks with ping-pong balls.

PARAMOUNT'S new discovery, teen-age French girl Corinne Calvet, a honey blonde, made a test last week and secured a part in the forthcoming film, "The Sealed Verdict." She has a delicate curved figure similar to Veronica Lake's, but is stately and taller. She is the first French actress to come to this country since the war.

MET Vivica Lindfors, in smart brown tweed suit and hatless as usual, on her way to supervise the redecoration of her new North Hollywood home, which she bought from Director Don Siegel, who directed her first American film, "Night Unto Night."

Vivica flew in from Sweden, where she has been visiting her family and making arrangements for the transport of her two children here next month. She says Sweden is unchanged except for an intense coffee shortage, which depresses the coffee-loving Swedes unbearably.

DANCING star Johnny Coy has started his own laundry service, but he won't patronise it himself. Agency was started near the studio for film folk, and clothes were sent to a nearby laundry with whom Johnny has a contract. He was his own first customer, sending a batch of shirts to be laundered through the agency, but the laundry has lost the shirts. Johnny is now patronising a rival laundry across the street.

GENE AUTRY'S rodeo brought stars to the Coliseum, where they viewed roping and riding tricks. Among eager spectators were Kitty Bluett, Ron Randell, and Glenn Ford.

WHILE awaiting the birth of her baby, Bette Davis gave herself a quiet birthday party at Laguna Beach. Only guests were her mother, husband, and sister Barbara.

GINGER ROGERS told me her husband, Jack Briggs, has turned screen writer, and has written several scripts for her. The first is based on Robert Browning's poem, "Pippa Passes."



SYDNEY GREENSTREET takes time off from his current Warner Bros. film, "The Woman in White," to enjoy a joke with star Eleanor Parker and director Peter Godfrey. Joke has something to do with canine Nibs, who has a pertinent part in the film.



ARTISTIC BEARD worn by actor Rex Harrison on the set of "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" doesn't deceive little Natalie Wood, now appearing in "It's Only Human." After this picture for Fox, Harrison intends to return to England with wife Lilli Palmer.

A New Bergman for "Arch of Triumph"

SWEDISH film star Ingrid Bergman has had to learn to smoke for her latest role, for she will appear as a Paris night-club singer in Enterprise Productions' "Arch of Triumph," starring Charles Boyer.

During her seven years in Hollywood, 29-year-old Ingrid has not allowed its sophistication to influence her, but the role of Joan Madou in this film calls for her to become almost a chain-smoker.

She will also sing two torch songs, one in French, one in Italian, and those who have heard her say she has a husky, warm contralto which suits the part perfectly.

"Arch of Triumph" will be the first film of newly formed Enterprise Productions, and will be released in Australia by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Ingrid Bergman's offer for starring in the film is one of the highest ever made to a star. She receives exactly half the profits, which is expected to run to almost a million dollars (\$312,500).

Based on Erich Remarque's novel, "Arch of Triumph" deals with the love story of a refugee doctor and a penniless, amoral Parisienne as the war clouds gather over France, and is expected to rival "Forever Amber" in interest.

The studio have gone to enormous expense to produce the authentic landmarks of Paris, and have constructed a full-scale model of the Arc de Triomphe, around which most of the action in the film takes place. They also had samples of paving-stone sent from Paris for reproduction in street scenes.

It will be the second time Boyer and Bergman have been co-starred, and this in itself is enough to guarantee the success of the film. The Swedish star received an Academy Award for her first appearance with Boyer in "Gaslight."

Her role of Joan Madou, the bewildered, faithless, yet sensitive little street gamine, who is finally shot by her lover, in "Arch of Triumph" is her most complex one to date.

The love scenes between her and the refugee doctor (Boyer) took thirty-one days to shoot, and were regarded as so torrid that directors closed the set to visitors, fearing they might embarrass the stars.

When it was put to the vote, the charming Ingrid said she didn't object to making love in public, but Boyer was quite emphatic that he did.

Part of Ingrid Bergman's outstanding success is due to the way she throws herself into the character of the role she is to play. If the film is adapted from a book, she reads it through several times, absorbing habits and mannerisms.

She also tries to find someone in real life who resembles the character, and studies her closely. For her role in "Spellbound" she made a point of spending several days with a woman psychiatrist, and read so much on the subject that her husband stopped her, fearing it would make her morbid.

Joan Madou she considers is a symbol of the confusion and bewilderment of France before the war.

She deliberately lost twenty pounds in weight to make the characterisation as convincing as possible, and because of this she collapsed on the set of "Arch of Triumph" after a hard day's work.

Ingrid Bergman has always been rather a puzzle to Hollywood. With Swedish persistence she has refused to wear make-up before the camera, because she feels it masks facial expression, and does not wear false eyelashes, curl her hair, or even pluck her eyebrows.

But Hollywood has respected her wishes. She isn't asked to attend night-clubs or premieres frequently (she is glad to spend spare time at home with her husband and daughter), and rarely grants Press interviews.

But although she has never had to pose in a bathing-suit, much comment is aroused at the news that she will appear for the first time on the screen in a bathing-suit for a Riviera scene in "Arch of Triumph."

Paramount designer Edith Head, who is designing Ingrid's wardrobe for the film, com-



BLACK swathed satin with low-cut neckline is one of the frocks Ingrid Bergman will wear for her role of Paris night-club singer Joan Madou in Enterprise Productions' "Arch of Triumph."

ments on the conservative star: "If she wears a swimsuit it will be to bathe in, not just leg art."

Edith Head has designed many of her clothes since the costume of woollen shirt and pants for the role of Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and the two often have good-natured tussles over dress designs.

The Swedish star dislikes extreme styles, preferring conventional models in her favorite color—white. One of her frocks for "Arch of

Triumph" is made from ten yards of gold cloth, kept safe in the Paris Underground since the war began.

At first Ingrid objected to the slit skirt, but Edith explained how such difficulties are overcome. "I say to her, 'Now, look, Ingrid, this gold dress with the slit skirt is exactly what a girl with Joan Madou's taste would wear,' then Ingrid says, 'I guess you are right, Edith. Yes, Joan would wear that.'"

Edith will compromise in "Arch of Triumph"

and will not set any new styles with the film.

"Every costume is authentic to suit styles of the time, even from the way Ingrid wears her beret pulled to the side of the head, instead of to-day's fashion of straight on," she said.

Ingrid's next film after "Arch of Triumph" will be based on the life of Joan of Arc. It will be produced by Hollywood producer Walter Wanger, screen play by Maxwell Anderson.

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1 PURSUED by his enemies, cowboy Quirt Evans (John Wayne) is thrown from his horse in front of Worth ranchhouse. Earnest Quakers, they tend him, and Quirt is attracted by Prudence (Gail Russell), granddaughter of Thomas Worth.



2 SWORN to avenge murder of his foster-father and kill Laredo Stevens (Bruce Cabot), Quirt rejoins comrades as soon as he has recovered to hold up gambling train owned by Stevens.

Action-packed Western

“Angel and the Badman”

STAR John Wayne has his first producing role in this Western for Republic, “Angel and the Badman,” in which he also plays the leading part.

Wayne has starred in a number of outdoor dramas and is one of the many film stars who are now turning Hollywood producers.

Written and directed by James E. Grant, author of “Boom Town,” “Angel and the Badman” is largely concerned with a Quaker family living in a lawless pioneer town. Wayne and Gail Russell are ably supported by Harry Carey, Bruce Cabot, Irene Rich, and Lee Dixon.



3 RETURNING to see Prudence, Quirt is visited by kindly Sheriff McClintock (Carey), who warns him he is suspected of robbing train.



4 LED INTO TRAP, Quirt and Prudence are attacked by Stevens and his men, who chase them to the river and do their best to drown them.



5 DANGEROUSLY ILL, Prudence leaves her bed to ride into town and prevent any further killings. Quirt hands his gun to her in the saloon, unaware that Stevens is about to shoot him, when latter is shot by Sheriff McClintock.



6 FREED from vow, Quirt decides to give up his dangerous life and settle down on a farm if Prudence will agree to marry him. Quaker family approve of the match, and pair are happily united.



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CUTS AND SCRATCHES

Preview of **THE SMART WAY TO KEEP DRY**

Old Sol will just have to come out from behind those clouds, if only to take a peep at some of the wet-weatherwear Dunlop have for Winter 1947. There are styles and sizes for every member of the family in light, easy-to-wear fabrics superbly tailored and impeccably finished to keep you neat as a pin, dry as a bone. Ladies, especially, will be interested in the glorious range of pastel jewel-colours featured in Dunlop Weatherwear for women. Keep an eye open for the new Dunlop Weatherwear at your favourite store.

"JUDITH"

Ladies' Waterproof smartly cut in pleasing range of pastel colours. Has deep lapels, two-way collar, jetted side pockets, and box sleeves tapering slightly to cuffs. Shoulders self-lined. Sizes XSSW to XOS.

"SUZANNE"

Maids' Waterproof neatly fashioned with Raglan sleeves, attractive lapels, two-way collar and welted side pockets. Sizes 22 to 40.

"UTILITY"

Boys' and Youths' black Waterproof smartly styled with two-way collar, welted side pockets and Raglan sleeves. Sizes 24 to 46.

"YORK"

Men's Weatherproof in water-repellent Gaberdine, correctly tailored in Raglan style with Balmain two-way collar, smartly draped sleeves, back vent and smart check lining. Sizes 2 to 8.



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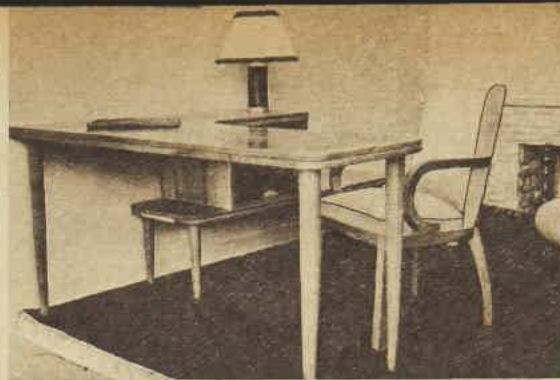
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CHAIRS were certainly designed for comfort and relaxation in this dining-room. Curved backs and cushioned seats are upholstered in lime. Furniture is a combination of silver ash and Queensland maple. Walls white; drapes lemon and white horizontal stripes; floor rug tan.

SECTION of the living-room in this specific group is shown right. The rounded couch of unit chairs (glimpsed in foreground) is in lime; easy chairs are in deep blue, tan, lime. Kidney-shaped occasional table is of silver ash. Walls pale blue with pale blue wave on white ceiling. Curtains lemon and white; rug tan.



GLIMPSE of entrancing hall with a beautifully designed fluted table in hand-polished maple. Color scheme: Blue, tan and orange.



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ABOVE: Smartly designed side table with two sets of drawers.

New ideas Saving Home Space

• The pictures on these two pages and on pages 52 and 53 were taken among exhibits at the Royal Show, Sydney. They provide these stimulating ideas for homemakers:

- Flowing grace and simplicity of line in furniture design.
- Noticeable breakaway from the stereotyped and conventional.
- Absence of veneers, varnish, and paints. Evidence that furniture carefully made by craftsman was patiently rubbed by hand to bring out the warm, glowing beauty of the wood.
- Functional: Size and disposition of furniture in keeping with to-day's smaller homes. Clean sweep of unnecessary detail and ornamentation will interest all homemakers.
- Spirit of adventure evident in color treatment of walls and ceilings, but pattern is used with restraint in furnishing fabrics; floor coverings severely plain.

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LIGHT, durable, and attractive: Here is a close-up of grey aluminium dining table with veneer top, and chairs with blue upholstery.



THE DINING-ROOM area with its glass wall and novel indoor garden is taken from the recreation end of this dual-purpose room. Wall shelves and cupboards are painted a greenish-grey to harmonise with walls, lined inside with pale yellow. Carpet is terracotta with yellow motif.



FIREPLACE treatment in this room is interesting. Built-in wireless cabinet, cocktail cupboard run into glass-sided cupboard, and shelves to hold delicate bric-a-brac. Space-saving yet effective. Chair is upholstered in green with stripes in burgundy and off-white.

ANOTHER angle of the living-dining room. Note small aluminium occasional table with veneer top in foreground.

British Industries Exhibit Features

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COMPACT kitchen unit glimpsed through the glass door features plastic and aluminium shelves, cupboards, and stove.

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BUT I CAN'T
SLEEP WITH A
MISERABLE COLD



Poor Child! It's hard for him to fall asleep when his nose is stuffy, his throat sore, his chest achy. It's a lucky youngster whose mother knows a way to ease his cold and make him feel comfy and able to sleep.

Mother, Relieve His Cold WHILE HE SLEEPS

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Its medicinal vapours are breathed into the irritated air-passages. There they clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing.

OUTSIDE

And VapoRub works in another way as well . . . on the chest and back. Like a warming, soothing poultice, it eases congestion, "draws out" tightness.

Next morning, usually, the child wakes up delighted to find the worst of the cold over!



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BEAUTY OF WISTARIA

IN every way the twining shrub or vine, wistaria, is lovely. Easy to grow, it thrives best in deep loam that does not get too dry.

It is at its picturesque best when allowed to grow at will up an old tree or big stump, or to spill over the edge of a small cliff where its long racemes of bloom can dangle without being tangled up with trellis or wire-netting.

On a wall or building it is best to give the vine some support or training, as the plant is not self-clinging. Wistarias are sometimes grown in standard form and when skillfully pruned can be set out in big tubs or deep pots. As their roots are long but not fibrous they are best transplanted when small or from pots rather than the open nursery.

Wistarias often disappoint by not flowering for many years. These non-flowering types are usually seedlings, and it is highly uncertain when they will reach flowering stage. Restriction of the root-run by root-pruning in midsummer may aid in the formation of flower buds.

But the best thing is to plant only grafted or layered plants from flowering specimens. Root-pruning can often be done by thrusting in a sharpened spade near the main stem, thus cutting off several of the strong roots.

Vines that do not flower very satisfactorily should be pruned during summer months, the long shoots being shortened back about halfway.—Our Home Gardener.

WISTARIA is all loveliness... but as a foil to the usual lavender shade why not include a white one like the beauty shown above?

Smooth your personality

By MEDICO

YOU know doctor," said Barbara Parkes one day, "even when my skin clears up, I think there will still be something the matter with me."

Barbara was sixteen and I was treating her for acne.

"Why do you say that, Barbara—in such a discouraged tone, too?"

"Oh, I don't mean it's anything you could cure, doctor. It's just that I don't seem to be able to make a good impression on people. I suppose I just haven't any personality."

"Nonsense, we all have personality. But if you mean your personality isn't as pleasing as you'd like it to be, I think I can help you."

"Can you really? How?"

"Well, personality is not beauty alone, or intelligence alone, or speech alone. It's something of all three. It's the picture of ourselves we give to other people, and naturally we want it to be good. We all want to be liked. A person may not be beautiful and yet have a very pleasing personality."

"That's just it," Barbara burst out. "I applied for a job the other day. The girl they gave it to hadn't nearly as much experience as I had, and I don't think she had my looks either. It must have been her personality."

"Probably it was. A pleasing personality is very necessary in any job in which you are dealing with people, and we all do that. You must have a good manner, a good voice, and be able to remain unruffled in all circumstances. Have you ever thought how much your personality depends on your health?"

"A washed-out, listless person is seldom attractive or influential in a group. If you have been sick, the effects of your ill-health tell on your personality at once."

"As for those people who seem to enjoy their illnesses and never tire of talking about them, they are the greatest bores of all."

"What about people who have some physical disability?"

"Yes, a physical disability makes the fight much harder, but many people are able, by qualities of mind and heart, to rise above such things."

"Mental attitude is a big part of personality. It requires intelligence

and mental poise to get along with other people.

"Emotional poise, too, is important. If you are one of those thin-skinned people who are forever being offended, people will avoid you. If you fly into tempers at the least little thing, the result will be the same. An uncontrollable temper is usually the result of not being taught to control yourself in childhood."

"Self-pity is another trait that will keep you from making friends."

"So don't look discouraged, Barbara. Take your personality to pieces, find out what is wrong with it, and remake it as you would an old frock. We can all do with a bit of refurbishing now and then, and you'll be much happier with your new personality."

"You will outgrow your pimples, but your personality blemishes will be with you all your life unless you correct them now."

SPEAKING OF GROOMING

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

FOR oily scalp try a salt rinse (1 tablespoon of table salt to one quart of warm water). Rinse through the hair several times and finish off with a clear water rinsing.

• When hair is extremely knotty and difficult to comb after washing, mix one part of setting lotion in four parts of warm water and apply generously with cotton-wool. Hair will then comb easily and the mixture will aid in setting, too.

• Current fashions of low-cut evening frocks focus attention on the back; if your backbone is knobby and prominent, try dabbing a small spot of rouge on each protruding vertebra, blend it into the surrounding skin, and powder down well. It works wonders.

• A suggestion for waist-nipping via the girdle: Begin taking a dart above the waist, at zero, widen at waistline, and taper off to zero down below. Take several such to coax in the waistline without that tied-back effect.

• Matching up nail varnish to one large synthetic stone dangling from a chain bracelet is a smart new trick that might appeal to the spectacular-minded.

• Ears that fan out from the face must be trained to take their proper place; wear a fairly broad band of linen each night fixed firmly under the chin, over the ears, and tied off on top of the head. And no severe, off-the-face hair-dos meanwhile; search out the ear-covering styles.

• If there is a slight discoloration after a blemish has healed on your face, try slapping the spot briskly with fingertips to whip up circulation and help banish the condition.

• Lost your eyelash brush? Well, use a pipe-cleaner as stand-in—one end to apply the mascara and the dry end to fan out the lashes finally.

• Real and tangible menace of the winter is the "common cold;" the intangible that keeps us well through the most inclement weather is "resistance"—the magic result of a good summer coat of tan, sufficient exercise, pure fresh air, rest, an adequate and balanced diet.

• As a specific, stress the Vitamin A content of winter meals; needed for health of the mucous membranes of nose and throat, infection preventive, and bulwark against colds and coughs. Pounded in butter, egg-yolk, carrots, tomatoes, celery, yellow corn, pineapple, oranges, and especially in fish-liver.



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P. 5. Bon Ami comes in both Cake and Powder form.



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Bananas

By our Food and Cookery Experts

SWEET, wholesome, fully ripe bananas contain a large proportion of natural sugar; they are also a good source of minerals and vitamins.

They are fully ripe and ready for eating when the skin is flecked with brown.

If the skin is yellow, but unflecked, they are still sufficiently ripe for eating, but the rich flavor is not fully developed.

At this stage of ripeness, or while still green-tipped, they are best for cooking.

Cooking bananas brings out a deliciously different flavor and makes them readily digestible.

The fruit sugars in fully ripened bananas help make them digestible. The idea that they are not easily digestible arose from the eating of under-ripe fruit.

Lemon, pineapple, orange, or grapefruit juice, or a simple syrup of sugar and water (boiled and cooled) poured over cut bananas will prevent discoloration—slice always with a stainless steel or silver knife.

Eaten raw, bananas are a wholesome, satisfying fruit. Cooked in combination with other sweet or savory foods (as suggested here) they provide variety and interest for the daily menu.

BANANA SALAD BOATS

One small curved banana for each person, orange and apple slices, tomato wedges, lettuce leaves, celery curls, cheese, cocktail sticks, lemon juice.

Remove skins from bananas; place in shallow dish, drench with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Cut a thin piece from each banana so that it stands with the curve upwards. Cut triangular sails from cheese, set in place with cocktail sticks. Place on plate in a curly lettuce leaf, surround with orange and apple slices, tomato wedges, and celery curls.

Continued on page 50



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This week's winning prize . . . "Pot-plant" cake

HERE'S a cake that's delightfully new and different — it's not hard to make, and you'll find it lots of fun . . . so go ahead and make it for your next party.

With the winter months approaching, pies are once again proving popular. A delicious sweet corn and vegetable pie is among the prize-winners this week.

Sweet corn, with any left-over cooked vegetables, goes well in richly flavoured white sauce, filled into a crisp pastry case.

NOVELTY FLOWER CAKE

Cake—Half pound margarine or butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup rum (sherry or milk may be used), 3 cups flour, 1 level tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon spice, 2lb. mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Mock Almond Paste—Three oz. fine white breadcrumbs, 1lb. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 3 dessertspoons sherry, 1 egg-yolk.

Icing—Warm icing divided into 4 portions and colored yellow, orange, green, red.

Decorations—One lb. firm sweets, green, yellow, red, and mauve cellophane, florists' wire, some lengths of stronger wire covered with green cellophane.

Cream shortening with sugar; add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients; lastly add rum mixed with almond essence. Line a billy can (5in. diameter—3-pint size) with 3 thicknesses of paper, greasing inside layer well and extending paper about 3in. above top of billy. Bake 4 to 4½ hours in very moderate oven (325deg. F.). Allow to cool in can. Level top of cake and coat all over with almond paste, first brushing surface with slightly beaten egg-white.

Combine breadcrumbs and sifted icing-sugar. Use the hands to mix to a stiff paste with egg-yolk, lemon juice, sherry, and almond essence beaten together.

When almond paste is dry and set coat with yellow warm icing, then stripe vertically with orange, green,



HERE is the novelty cake that wins first prize for a reader in this week's recipe contest.

PIPED mashed potato and chopped hard-boiled egg make an attractive garnish to this appetising sweet corn and vegetable pie . . . ideal for the coming winter months. See recipe.

dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, 1 cup sweet corn, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups mashed potato.

Roll pastry thinly and line 8in. tart plate, prick base well with a fork, cook in hot oven (425deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Melt shortening, add flour, salt, and pepper, cook 1 minute, stirring all the time. Add milk, stir till boiling. Add diced carrot and parsnip, sweet corn, and half chopped hard-boiled egg. Decorate top of pie with piped mashed potato and top with remaining chopped egg. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Duncombe, Yarrara Rd., Fybble, N.S.W.

MOCK SALMON RISsoles

Four medium-sized potatoes, 1 small onion, 1 4oz. tin fish paste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, egg glazing and breadcrumbs, fat for frying, parsley, lemon wedges.

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water till tender. Drain and mash with a little butter and milk. Chop onion very finely and add to potato with pepper, parsley, and fish paste. Mix well together. Shape into rissoles. Dip in egg glazing and roll in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in flaming hot fat till golden-brown. Serve hot garnished with parsley and lemon wedges.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Abston, 15 Wakefield St., Rockhampton, Qld.

and red. With a hot, wet knife, smooth icing round cake, smudging colors to give a streaked effect.

Cut cellophane into 4in. squares, fold diagonally, insert sweets, gather 4 corners of cellophane, and bind with fine florists' wire. Five or 6 of these "petals" are grouped together and attached to a "stalk" of the stronger wire (covered with green cellophane) and pressed firmly into the top of cake.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. N. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

SWEET CORN AND VEGETABLE PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 cooked carrot, 1 cooked parsnip, 1

BANANAS . . . Continued from page 49

BANANA CAKE

Half cup margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 level teaspoon carb. soda, 2 eggs, 3 bananas, 2 tablespoons whipped or mock cream.

Icing—Half pound icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 tablespoon warm milk, walnuts, banana slices.

Cream margarine or butter thoroughly with sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Beat in well-mashed bananas. Sift flour and salt, add alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Turn into two well-greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand two or three minutes, then turn carefully on to cooler. When cold, join with whipped or mock cream. Coat cake with coffee-flavored icing made by combining sifted icing sugar with coffee essence and warm milk; beat smooth, warm just to pouring consistency over very low heat. Pour over cake. Decorate with walnut halves and banana rings.

Note: Banana rings must be drenched with lemon juice before putting on to cake, or they will discolor.

BANANA CREAM PIE

Six oz. shortcrust pastry, 3 level dessertspoons butter, 3 level dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon

vanilla, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue, 3 ripe bananas.

Roll pastry thinly, line 7in. tart-plate. Prick base well with fork, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Cool slightly, fold in egg-yolks, beaten with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Slice bananas and fill into cooked pastry-case. Pour custard mixture over, top with egg-whites and extra 2 tablespoons sugar beaten to meringue consistency. Place in a very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

BANANA AND PASSIONFRUIT PAVLOVA

Four egg-whites, pinch of salt, 1lb. castor sugar, 1 dessertspoon corn-flour, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 bananas, 3 passion-fruit, lemon juice.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, add sugar gradually, and continue beating until mixture is smooth and holds its shape. Fold in cornflour, then vanilla and vinegar. Grease an 8in. sandwich-tin well, dust lightly with cornflour, pour in meringue mixture, hollow centre slightly. Bake in a very slow oven, 1½ to 1½ hours, until dry and crisp. Remove carefully from tin. When quite cold fill with sliced bananas drenched with lemon juice, top with passionfruit pulp. Serve with ice-cream or whipped cream.

JELLIED BANANA AND PINEAPPLE

One pint red jelly, 1 pint green jelly, sliced bananas, sliced pineapple, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Place sugar and water in saucepan; when boiling, add pineapple slices, simmer until tender. Uncooked pineapple prevents jelly setting—so it must be pre-cooked and cooled. Rinse mould with cold water. Set a thin layer of green jelly on bottom. Working on one side at a time, line mould with a thin layer of red jelly. When set, arrange banana slices, coat thinly with jelly, and set; work one side at a time and allow to set firmly before continuing. Arrange pineapple slices on bottom of mould, coat with green jelly, allow to set. Add balance of green jelly. When set, fill mould with balance of red jelly. Chill until quite firm. Unmould, decorate with banana halves and pineapple sections sprinkled with chopped nuts.

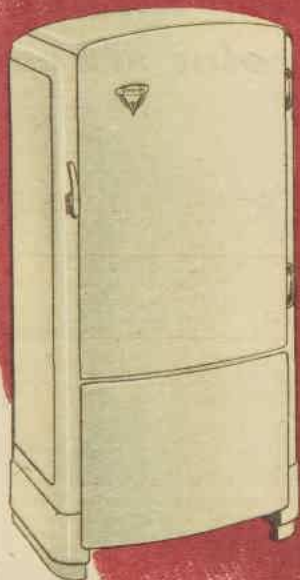
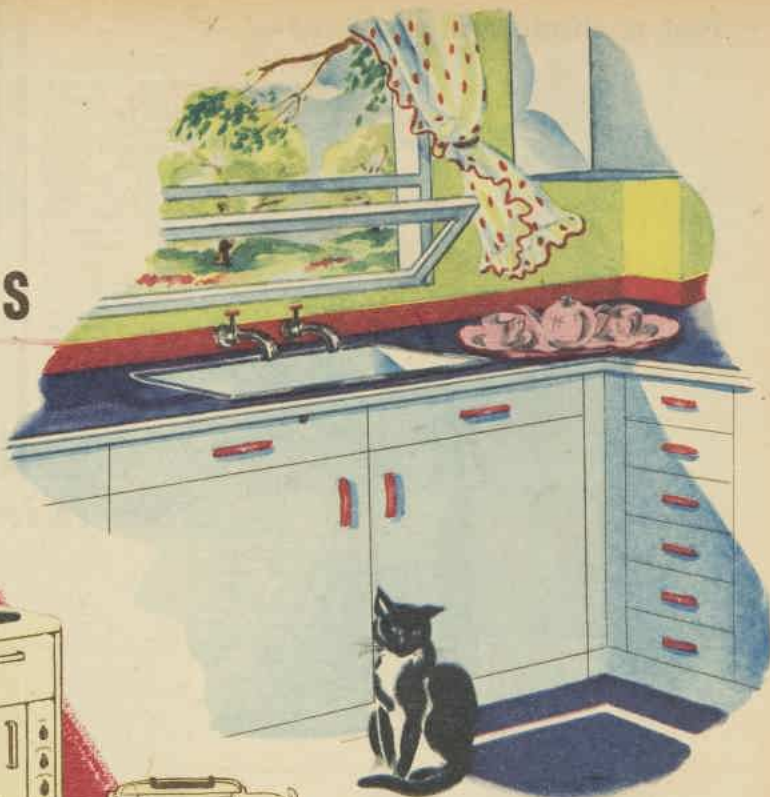
BANANA MILK FLIP

One cup milk, 1 banana, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops of vanilla, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg.

Mash bananas thoroughly with a fork, add lemon rind and vanilla. Using a rotary beater, whip banana mixture into the milk. Chill, pour into tall glass, dust with cinnamon or nutmeg.

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RIGHT: Fascinating American-style rumpus-room with novel furniture made entirely of hand-polished cypress pine interlaced with rope. Plasticised duck was used for some of the upholstery. This can be washed or left out in weather without harm. Most of the furniture is on wheels for verandah, garden, or patio use.



Striking display of new furniture and color schemes



GLIMPSE of girl's room shows interesting table and curved stool in solid cedar. Color scheme charming: Pink-toned ceiling, walls; deep teal-blue spread, richly colored drapes.



INTERESTING departure in disposition of furniture for added privacy is shown in this charming room. Twin wardrobes are placed back to back, and fronted with dressing-table to separate beds. Furniture is in eucalypt.



THIS MAID'S ROOM has color scheme of pale pink, crushed strawberry carpet, and fresh blue-and-white striped curtains and bed-cover. Note glory-box in foreground, lacquered pink to match suite; box would prove an ideal space saver . . . Grand way to keep a maid!



MASTER BEDROOM: Furniture in this charming room is silver ash with maple touches. Twin beds have the one cover, and fit into the one bed-head, with side cupboards. Note intriguing sheepskin-topped dressing-table stool.

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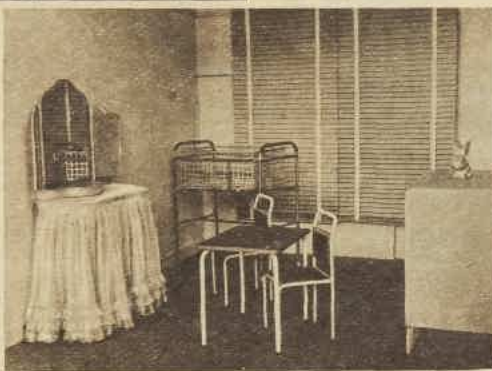
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ALMA B. CHALMERS,
Somerset House, Martin Place, Sydney



BREAKFAST-NOOK section of kitchen (left) shows frilly plastic curtains in vivid maize, to match ceiling. Blue in two shades completes color scheme. Note tubular steel table and chairs with blue upholstered seats and backs which can be washed over. So practical and hygienic.



THIS up-to-the-minute kitchen interested all homemakers who visited the Sydney Royal Show. Cupboards feature circular shelves that swing out when doors open. Note towel-rack over stove.



MODERN NURSERY features tubular steel furniture, even to the bassinet. Deep blue leatherette covers table, chair seats, and backs. All washable and hygienic to the last degree. Dressing-table skirt is pretty; can be laundered. Venetians, of course, can be wiped over.



FASCINATING bathroom with sky-blue walls and a mirror that flatters figure-beautifying exercises, these skilfully etched on the glass. Striped floor in yellow, cyclamen, and apple-green attractive; curtains of cyclamen plastic.



DRESSING-TABLE close-up. This one, designed for a young girl's bedroom, is made of steel with tubular steel frame. It is painted cream, and stands on a deep blue rug. Top of dressing-table seat is upholstered in blue leatherette. Walls and ceiling of this room are painted the palest blue.

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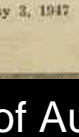
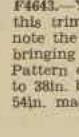
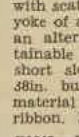
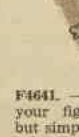
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